

**COMMENT OF
THE DAY**

Slow Justice

IN the established Hong-kong manner, a nolle prosequit was entered this week against a Chinese woman after she had spent five months in the remand gaol on a charge of pick-pocketing, with no indication given by the Crown why it had suddenly decided to take such a course of action.

Was it motivated by compassion, a twinge of conscience, or the knowledge that the charge could not be proved? Probably it does not matter very much, although it is to be hoped the legal department and the judiciary will not present themselves over what, at first sight, might appear to be an impressive example of magnanimity.

The public sees nothing creditable in a woman, charged with thieving, being held in detention for five months while the prosecution had what they conceive to be adequate reasons for requesting at regular intervals a further remand of the case.

THIS is deplorable procedure. It is a violation of the British sense of justice, even though it is technically protected by statutory and common law. Nor, in this case, can it be pleaded that the hearing had to be set aside because of the overworked magistracies. The woman's offence came within summary jurisdiction, and once the necessary evidence had been collected, could and should have been dealt with expeditiously. Instead, the alleged offender was kept in gaol, and from her family for five months presumably because the prosecution couldn't care less.

At one remand hearing it was indicated in court that the accused had "a record," but we fail to see how that justifies recurrent requests for a remand in custody on a relatively minor charge. Whatever the alleged offence, a person surely is entitled to a trial within a reasonable period. And no one can suggest that five months in the remand gaol rates as reasonable.

The public feels distressed about this particular affair and most certainly does not expect to see it repeated. Justice needs to be swift as well as certain if it is to be held in esteem by the community.

"WE WILL SHOOT" WARNING

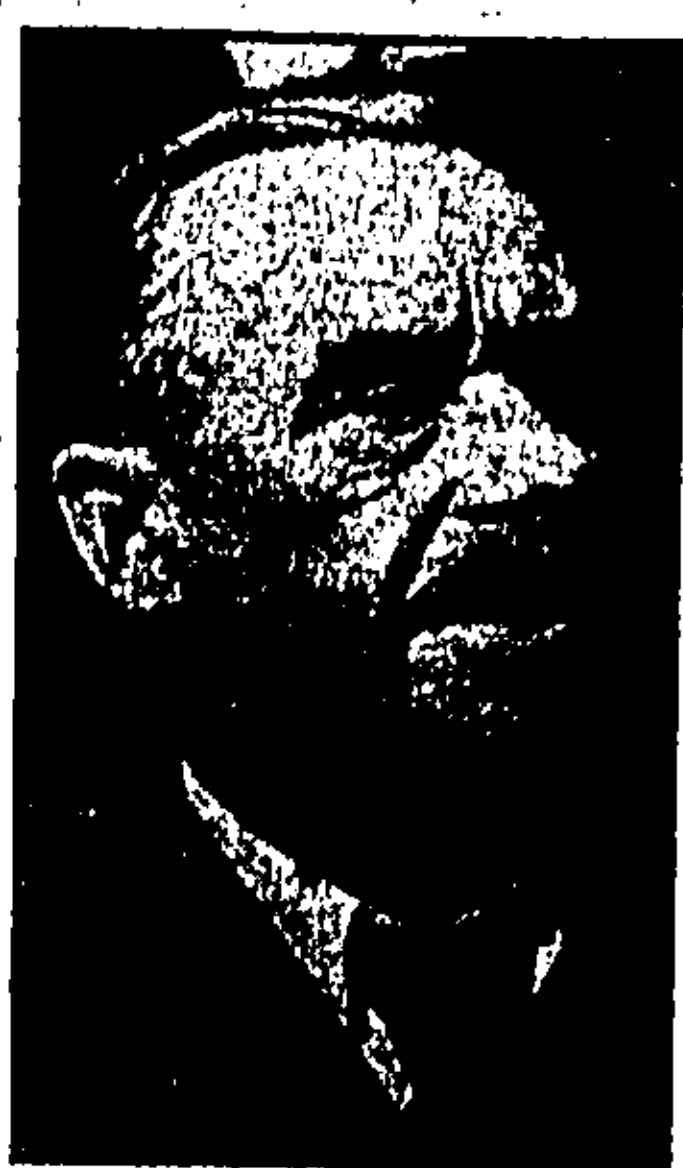
**TO RHEE
Demonstrations
Must Stop**

Seoul, Aug. 12.

The Americans told President Syngman Rhee yesterday that they would shoot if necessary to protect Communist truce inspectors from anti-Communist demonstrators.

The firm American position was outlined to the South Korean President by the United States Far East Commander, General Lyman L. Lemnitzer, according to information given to the United Press by highly-competent sources.

These same sources said that the Americans agreed with President Rhee that the Czech and Polish members of the neutral nations inspection teams really should be ousted from South Korea but insisted that it had to be done by a peaceful agreement since the inspection teams had been established under the terms of the armistice.



DR. THOMAS MANN

**Death Of
Famed Author,
Thomas Mann**

Zurich, Aug. 12.
The famous author, Thomas Mann, died here at the Cantonal Hospital to-night.

His daughter, Erika Mann, told the United Press her father had died of a thrombosis after a period of general weakness. He was 80 years old.

Mann, who fled from Germany in 1933 after the rise of Hitler, had recently become seriously ill while vacationing in Holland and had been flown to Switzerland for medical attention.

He won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1929, for such novels as "Buddenbrooks," his first great work, published in 1901, and "The Magic Mountain," published in 1924.

STORY OF EXILE
But some of his most powerful writing came in the troubled years when he was making the decision to quit Germany and was living in Switzerland and the United States as an exile.

During those years, as he became adjusted to the life of a wanderer in a world where primitive power was in the saddle, he wrote "Joseph in Egypt," the story of another exile.

During the upheaval of World War II, he completed the Joseph saga with "Joseph and His Brethren."

Only two months ago, on June 6, congratulations from all over the world had poured into his modest home at Erlenbach, near here, to mark his 80th anniversary.—United Press.

SHIP CAPSIZES

New York, Aug. 12.
A ship with 26 people aboard capsized in a gale in Chesapeake Bay this afternoon.
One body had so far been recovered.—France-Press.

**Red Leaders
May
Visit Eton**

London, Aug. 12.
Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Nikita Khrushchev, the Soviet government leaders who are coming here in the spring, may visit Eton College, the famous English public school where the cream of the country's aristocrats are educated.

Sir Anthony Eden, who invited the Soviet leaders to Britain during the recent Geneva "summit" conference, is an old Eton boy—and are several members of his government.

The Soviet leaders have been asked by Mr. Penner Brockway, left-wing Labour Member of Parliament, to spend some time here in his parliamentary constituency—and he said today that he hoped facilities would be available for them to look over the famous college.—Reuters.

**DAVIS CUPPER
DROWNED**

Bad Schwartau, Aug. 12.
The Yugoslav Davis Cup tennis player Yagac was drowned in the Baltic Sea today shortly after qualifying for the quarter-finals of the Bad Schwartau tennis tournament.

Yagac easily defeated his German opponent Wolf (by 6-0, 6-0) in the eighth finals of the tournament, and then drove to the sea at Travemuende near here to bathe.

All attempts to bring him back to life by artificial respiration on the beach failed and the tennis tournament was annulled as a sign of mourning.—France-Press.

The American position was reported to be as follows:

1.—The United States is bound by the terms of the Korean armistice which provides for Communist inspectors in South Korea just it does for Swiss and Swedish inspectors in North Korea.

2.—The United States realizes the inspection system had broken down because of the Communist failure to comply with the spirit of the agreement and realizes that the Communists probably are taking advantage of their position in the south to spy on United Nations military facilities.

3.—The United States, along with South Korea, wants to abolish the neutral nations inspection teams but insists it has to be done by peaceful agreement.

According to reliable information available here France and Britain have balked at abolishing the system which is so offensive to President Rhee.

American quarters here believe that President Rhee is behind the so-called "spontaneous demonstrations" against the Communist members of the neutral nations' inspection teams.

REAL DANGER

Official American quarters, the United Press learned, believe demonstrations will continue to grow and build up until August 15, the anniversary of the founding of the Republic of Korea.

Some American officials here believe that there is real danger that these demonstrations will get out of hand.

The American soldiers are tired and nervous as a result of the week-long "alerts" and special guard duty assignments, the United Press was told.

"There is a real danger here that Korean demonstrators will go too far and that the Americans will have to shoot one in the belly," one American said.

He added that that would be a tragedy. It would not only result in the unnecessary loss of life but it would not help relations between Korea and the United States.—United Press.

**China Mail
Feature
Highlights**

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

- P. 5: Another "Did It Happen?" story.
- P. 6: "Gideon Goes To War," by Leonard Mosley, Rene MacColl's impressions of Russia.
- P. 7: The Greta Garbo story, chapter two.
- P. 8: "The French secret service is scarce," says a 6-ft Scottish Mohammedan; The inside story of the Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds romance.
- P. 12: The task of Colonial Governors, our new series by Harold Ingrams begins.
- P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

**Gaoled Man
Again Wins
Election**

London, Aug. 12.

A 24-year-old gaoled bricklayer, pledged to unify Ireland by force if necessary, was again elected to the British parliament today though he has already been disqualified from taking his seat.

Result of yesterday's by-election in mid-Ulster, which was declared today, gave Mr. Thomas Mitchell, Sinn Fein (extreme Nationalist) an 800 majority over his Ulster Unionist (Conservative) opponent.

Mr. Mitchell, now serving a ten-year sentence for taking part in an armed raid on Omagh barracks last October, polled 30,392 votes and Mr. Charles Beattie 29,586.

In the May 25 general election Mr. Mitchell had only a majority of 200, polling 29,737 to Mr. Beattie's 29,477.

DISQUALIFIED
The by-election was called after the House of Commons recently resolved that Mr. Mitchell was disqualified from taking his seat because he is serving a prison sentence.

Following Mr. Mitchell's re-election two courses are now open. The Unionist Party can petition the High Court to disqualify Mr. Mitchell and declare Mr. Beattie the defeated candidate, as the rightful member of parliament.

If the Unionist Party does not petition the High Court, the House of Commons will again be asked by the government to declare the election invalid. This would mean yet another by-election.—Reuters.

**RUSSIA'S BIG
DECISION**

Moscow, Aug. 13.

The Soviet Government has decided to reduce the size of its armed forces as a result of "the relaxation of international tension," according to an official announcement issued by the Soviet news agency, Tass, early today.—Reuters.

**BRITAIN INVENTS
ATOMIC CLOCK**

London, Aug. 12.

Britain has invented an atomic clock. This was revealed tonight by Dr L. Essen in a letter to the scientific magazine Nature. Essen said he and his colleague at the British National Laboratory of atomic physics, Mr J. V. L. Parry, had built this delicate mechanism which would be more reliable than the best astronomic clocks.

Essen said in his letter that the atomic clock would record time but would have no resemblance with ordinary clocks. It would have an error rate calculated at only one ten-thousandth of a second per day. Ordinary astronomic clocks calculate for an error of several seconds per year.

Essen said that this invention could be used to verify the irregularities in the rotation of the earth, and would be of use to astronomers and radio-experts alike.

He paid homage in his letter to Nature to the work done by United States scientists, who he said made the British atomic clock construction possible.—France-Press.

AMPLE SUPPLIES

Geneva, Aug. 12.

Sir John Cockcroft, Director of Britain's atomic energy research centre at Harwell, said here today he felt the world had ample supplies of uranium and thorium—the raw materials of atomic energy—for "the foreseeable future."

He told Reuters today, on the fifth day of the United Nations conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy, that Britain and other countries should be able to obtain sufficient stocks of these materials to satisfy their future needs for atomic power.

He was expanding a statement reported earlier in which he said he believed that British requirements of energy by the end of this century might be met by burning 250 tons of uranium and thorium a year.

World consumption, he said, was 2,000 or 3,000 tons a year. An associate, Dr E. Gluckauf, of the chemistry division of Harwell, told the conference yesterday that world consumption of nuclear fuel might even reach 200 tons a year and that world consumption of 1,000 tons a year was unlikely to be exceeded in the foreseeable future.

DISCREPANCY EXPLAINED
A spokesman of the British Atomic Energy Authority, commenting on reports of an apparent discrepancy between these two predictions, said Dr Gluckauf was talking of the eventual world consumption of fissile material such as plutonium whereas Sir John Cockcroft was talking of British and world consumption of the raw materials—uranium and thorium.

The consumption of uranium and thorium would be of far greater tonnage than that of fissile material such as plutonium.—Reuters.

EARTH TREMOR

Tokyo, Aug. 12.

The Central Meteorological Observatory announced today a slight tremor shook the Kanto area, including Tokyo, and part of the Tohoku area, northern Japan.

The epicentre was in the sea off Ibaraki Prefecture, east of Tokyo.—China Mail Special.

**Plane Hits
3 Houses**

Albany, Georgia,

Aug. 12.
A F-84-F jet fighter plane crashed into a house and an apartment building today, killing an airman who lived there and critically injuring the pilot and a housewife.

The plane was knocked out of his plane when it crashed and landed about 200 feet across the street. He was reported in critical condition.

The plane ploughed its way into the four-unit apartment building and another house.—United Press.

**Czechoslovakia
Comes Into
Line**

Offer To W. Germany

Vienna, Aug. 12.

The Czechoslovak government, in a statement broadcast by Radio Prague tonight, offered to resume diplomatic relations with West Germany.

They also announced that they were prepared to associate themselves with the Austrian state treaty.

Czechoslovakia fully approved the decisions taken by the four great powers at the Geneva conference last month and was prepared to do everything in its power to help settle all outstanding problems, the statement said.

The Czechoslovak government was anxious to improve relations with Yugoslavia. She would not only renew the old and friendly relations which used to exist but would also develop and improve them.

NECESSARY CONDITIONS
Radio Prague also announced that the Czech government at an extraordinary meeting on Aug 10 decided to associate itself with the Austrian state treaty and put forward a bill to this effect to parliament for ratification.

The state treaty signed on May 15 provided all necessary conditions for developing mutual relations between Austria and Czechoslovakia, the statement said.

Czechoslovakia welcomed "the end of the cold war" and hoped that all outstanding problems would be settled in a way which would guarantee military security in Europe.

Czechoslovakia could not agree with the Western proposal as regards the German problem as it would mean that East German territory would be handed over to West Germany.

It would, however, welcome it if the two states began normal diplomatic relations, Radio Prague added.—Reuters.

**MARILYN FOR
MOSCOW?**

London, Aug. 12.

Dr Carlton Smith, Chairman of the National Arts Foundation of New York, announced here today that he was trying to get a visa for film star Marilyn Monroe to visit Russia in September.

Dr Smith is due to visit Russia and Europe then to arrange cultural exchanges between European countries and the United States.

"Miss Monroe is very keen to visit Russia to attend plays and see how they act," he said. "She is seriously anxious to learn about all arts—music, painting, acting."

"She knew I was going there in September and asked me if I could help arrange a visa for her to be there, while I am there," Dr Smith said.

He said he had spoken to the Soviet Cultural Attache in Washington this week but was not sure whether the visa would come through for Miss Monroe in time for September.—China Mail Special.

**New Constitution
Accepted**

Kampala, Uganda, Aug. 12.

The Uganda Lokukile (local parliament) today unanimously accepted the new constitution proposed by Britain to end the country's political crisis and pave the way for the return of the exiled Kabaka (king).

British legal adviser Kenneth Diplock afterwards read a memorandum, saying that the King was an essential part of the new constitution and that Buganda would have access to the courts and the Privy Council should any future dispute about the constitution arise.

The whole parliament cheered at the acceptance and Prime Minister Paulo Kuyuna declared that Buganda had now overcome "many difficulties".—France-Press.

**Four of the Best
...and all Good Mixers**



Soda Water
Tonic Water
Dry Ginger Ale
& Ginger Beer.

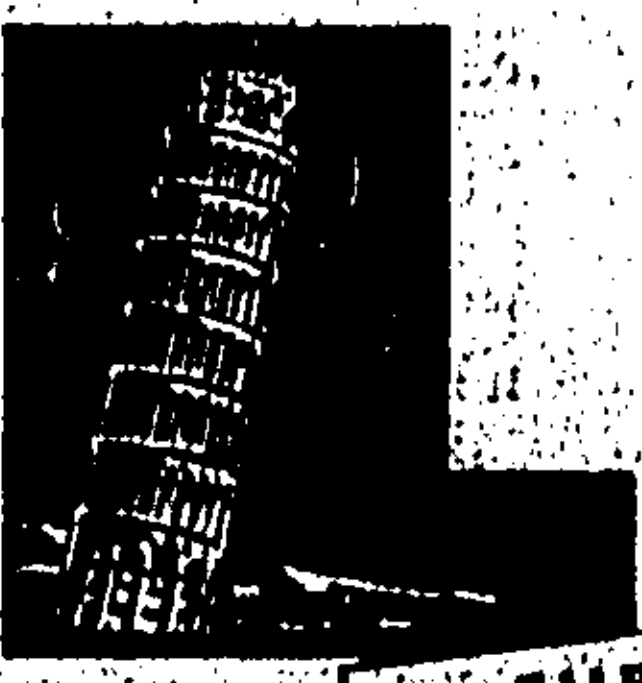
Schweppes
famous aerated waters

for over 160 years

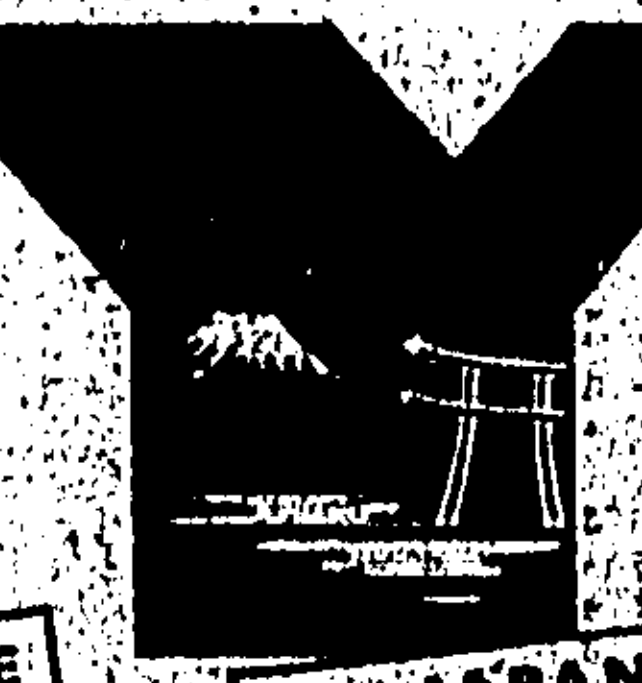
SCHWEPPE'S ARE THE ONLY DRINK THROUGH



TO INDIA



TO EUROPE



TO JAPAN

Check these advantages:

- ✓ CONSTELLATION & SUPER CONSTELLATION COMFORT
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AIR-INDIA

**Sequel to
Sport**



Every sport has its special lingo, from polo to pole-vaulting, from deck-tennis to squash. Yet strange to say, there are few phrases to describe that pleasant part of all, when a man cools off in the clubhouse and holds his inquest on the game. Golf has its Nineteenth Hole, of course; but cricket has no Eleventh Wicket, or rugby a Third Half.

Perhaps it is not so strange after all. For how can words really describe the bliss of sinking into a deep chair and relaxing the stiffened muscles one by one? Or of rewarding the parched lips with that first long glass of Rose's Lime Juice, lead to the frosting point?



**ROSE'S
Lime Juice**

WHATEVER THIRST YOU HAVE

KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

TO-DAY

THE GREATEST FRONTIER STORY SINCE "SHANE"

VISTAVISION

RUN FOR COVER

STARTING JAMES CAGNEY
VIVECA LINDBLAD
JOHN DEREK

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

with KEVIN KESSLER - GRANT WITHERS - Produced by WILLIAM A. WEAVER and WILLIAM C. THOMAS - Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ
Screenplay by NORMAN PANAMA - From a story by Donald Lamb, Jr. and Irving Berlin - A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S	PRINCESS	EMPIRE
11.30 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.
Brand New Universal-International Tech. Cartoons	1 1/2-hour Program 20th-Century Fox Cartoons in CINEMASCOPE	Cary Grant in "Destination Tokyo"

AT REDUCED PRICES

LEE Theatre

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

GREAT WALL Presents

Irreparability



MANDARIN VERSION

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.00 NOON

A Chinese Picture

"AREN'T THE KIDS LOVELY?"

DIALOGUE IN MANDARIN

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & 70 cts.

NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

CAUSEWAY BAY, TEL. 78721 KOWLOON, TEL. 535500

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SPECTACULAR BEYOND BELIEF...

SHARK RIVER

in VIVID COLOR by Color Corp. of America

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: Walt Disney Technicolor Cartoons

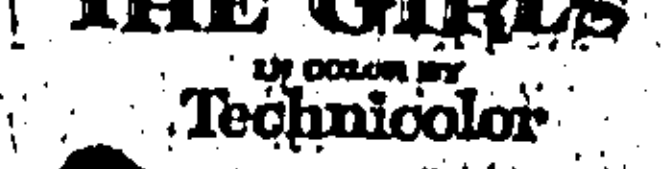
GREAT WORLD: Fox Technicolor Cartoons

CAPITOL RITZ

FINAL TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

HERE COME THE GIRLS

by COLSON and Technicolor

JOE HOPE-MARTIN
ARLINE ROBERTS
DAHL CLOONEY

Sunday Morning Show At 12.30 p.m. "RING OF FEAR"

TO-MORROW "MAMBO MANIA"

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

Strange Lady in Town

GREER GARSON
DANA ANDREWSMERYN LEROY
CINEMASCOPE
WARNER BROS. PICTURES
CAMERON MITCHELL
JOHN HODGINS

To-morrow Special Show At 12.30 p.m. "KING OF THE KINGS"

KING OF THE KINGS

FILMS

BY JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "Run For Cover". A sheriff with a past tries repeatedly and profitably to reform a young wastrel. James Cagney, Viveca Lindfors and John Derek.

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "Marie Antoinette". A re-issue with Norma Shearer, Robert Morley and Tyrone Power that induces nostalgia for the days when Shearer was Queen of the Screen.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Shark River". A man-hunt through the Florida Everglades. Steve Cochran, Cirio H. Williams and Warren Stevens.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Mr. Roberts". Life aboard a ship of the U.S. Navy is shared by the captain and sweetened by the first lieutenant. Henry Fonda, James Cagney, William Powell and Jack Lemmon.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Green Magic". A journey across South America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, taking in the Mato Grosso, the plains of Paraguay and the heights of the Andes. "Photographed in Ferraniacolor."

COMING

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Yellow Mountain". A western. Lex Barker.

"The Colditz Story". A POW escape plan and the men who made it work. Eric Portman and John Mills.

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "Many Rivers to Cross". A comedy western in which even the proud heroine is made to take a fall. Eleanor Parker and Robert Taylor.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "One Good Turn". The Wisdom way again but less raw and artificial than "Trouble in Store". Norman Wisdom.

"Timberjack". The heads of two rival timber companies fight for supremacy and the lusty charms of Vera Ralston. Starring Hayden and David Brian.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Tall Man Riding". A western. Randolph Scott.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Yolanda". A swashbuckler. Maro Lawrence and May Britt.

"On the Riviera". A re-issue of a Danny Kaye film. One of his pre-"Knock on Wood" best.

Next time a studio has a far-fetched plot to try to make plausible they should think of this girl Mathewson, her commonsensical attitude, coupled with the right amount of feminine allure might make it a "sleeper".

Miserable Life On The Ocean Wave

"Mr. Roberts" is a picture that should not be missed on any account. The sustained excellence of the four principal characters is superb.

The story of one man's fight against a whole ship, his strength lying in his position as captain. Never was a man so universally and gleefully hated by his ship's company. Glee-fully, that is, by all except Mr. Roberts—the cargo officer. He is the particular butt of the captain because of the way in which he uses his rights and prerogatives of the crew.

Their friendship and admiration is sufficient reward for all the insults he receives in exchange however, until the captain manoeuvres him into the position of being unable to use any of his previous methods of self-defence.

Having been tricked into giving his word never to answer back, however he is humiliated in front of the ship's company, to cease writing cleverly-worded requests for a transfer from the ship—requests that Naval law dictates must be passed on to higher authorities and into which Mr. Roberts has been slipping references to the captain's misdeeds.

And to compound himself meekly towards the captain at all times, Roberts' safety-valve is taken away from him and he is quickly changed from a fun-loving, albeit responsible officer into a nerve-wracked nobody.

Never has Henry Fonda so completely identified himself with a part. The emotions that he is experiencing at any given time are reflected so subtly in his expression that no words are necessary.

The body of the film is devoted to showing how one man in authority, without the use of violence, can make a junior's life a misery; but not all the picture, by any means, has this grim undertone. There is one hilarious scene in which William Powell—excellently playing an adult-minded doctor—Henry Fonda and the young ensign (a fine piece of acting

from Jack Lemmon) concoct a fearsome potion which they hope to pass off as Red Label Scotch. The ingredients are raw alcohol, cola, iodine and hair tonic—each one playing its important part in the recipe. The cola is for colour, the iodine for taste ("Scotch always reminds me of iodine" says Fonda) and the hair tonic for some reason, is to indicate great age. This is one of the funniest scenes in recent pictures and I laughed myself hoarse. Powell and Fonda play it straight, while Lemmon—a spiciness, though likable youngster, reacts with his characteristic enthusiasm.

The Captain Is A Surprise

A word about Jack Lemmon's playing of Ensign Pulver. He is called upon to hate the captain with as much fervour as the rest of the ship, to be always thinking up new schemes for annoying him, but to be seized with an attack of moral cowardice at the thought of carrying each one out. He is weak, boyish and unrepentable in his attitude towards Mr. Roberts. Lemmon doesn't act the character. He is it.

And I have only praise too for William Powell. Quieter and older than the other two, mature in his judgments and moderate in his views, Powell makes this kindly, though by no means soft naval doctor really live.

The captain himself. I have left until last, for he is the least natural of the four principals. Surprisingly played by James Cagney, it is a part that has to be over-acted to be the spur forcing the answering reactions from the others.

To his credit, James Cagney brings exactly the right amount of caricature to the role that it must have to give it substance. He has quite obviously thrown himself heart and soul into playing the ranting, ambitious, unreasonable little bully and though he has made him larger than life size, it is no less effective a piece of acting.

The sentiment is handled with care and though the heavy piece sailors gazing through telescopes at far-off nurses' quarters is dragged in again, it isn't allowed to go on too long and is only faintly in bad taste.

This is a very long film, but every minute of it has interest and in spite of the whole action taking place on one ship, it never drags for an instant.

Jack & Daphne Barker

London's sophisticated charmers

Parisian Grill

TO-NIGHT

Michael Baker at the Grand Piano

Reverend Father

Reverend Father

Reverend Father

Reverend Father

Reverend Father

Reverend Father

Reverend Father

A Ghost From

The Past

"Marie Antoinette" was made quite a few years ago as a glance at the cast list will show but in comparison with the expensively caparisoned costume pieces we've seen over the last couple of years it has earned its right to a place in screen history. Perhaps present day pictures have gained by their brevity—in the older mammoth productions there is quite often a mass of irrelevant detail, but in spite of the more mannered acting, the members of the cast usually seem to have been more aware of what they were doing—to have taken their parts more seriously.

Where, among the sugar princesses of today's silver screen, would you find a Marie Antoinette to rival Norma Shearer's?

Who, among the present day lovelies (for although some of the more experienced actresses might be able to range the required scale of emotions they could hardly be called beautiful) could convincingly be kitchy when young, wide-eyedly hopeful when married, resignedly disillusioned when the marriage proved to be purely nominal, timidly hopeful again when a natural love was offered her and unaffectedly constant to her husband when her duty was shown her?

Norma Shearer so artfully projects all these states of mind and the changing mannerisms that automatically go with them that she appears to be a different person in each phase. This is not Norma Shearer as Marie Antoinette, but a complete impersonation of the short-lived queen by an actress who has focussed all her ability on bringing the character to life.

Perhaps if we had seen more of Norma Shearer in recent years and had come to be more familiar with her style, the veil hiding her real personality would have become more thin and Norma Shearer would have had more substance than Marie Antoinette. I prefer to think that had she carried on with her film career she would have proved a fiery rival to Bette Davis.

Where Tourists Fear To Tread

I regret that I haven't been able to see "Green Magic" yet and therefore can only pass on second-hand information about the ground it covers. However, the New York Times' critic, who, though fair, is never given to extravagant praise, has called it "beautiful" and "thrilling", which is a good enough recommendation for me.

While "The Living Desert" devoted itself almost exclusively to the animal bodies scurrying and bustling on the desert floor, quite indifferent to the grandeur of the peaks and distances beyond their orbit, "Green Magic" for the most part, releases the mind from the concentration required for small things and allows it to wander over the vast, lonely and uninhabited lands of the Brazilian Mato Grosso, the eerie swamps of Paraguay and the jungles of Bolivia, right through to the remote mountain tops of the Andes.

This is a region new both as story background and as a subject for documentaries and if the camera work is interestingly presented, should draw even those to whom a story is the main thing.

MAJESTIC

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.40 & 9.30 P.M.

To A-Track High Fidelity Stereophonic Sound on our New Stereo Screen

JOHN HOPKINS
ROSEMARY CLARK
CINEMASCOPE

To-morrow Morning Show At 12.30 p.m. "THE GATE"

THE GATE

THE GATE

THE GATE

THE GATE

THE GATE

THE GATE

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

QUEEN'S 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. ALHAMBRA 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

SHOWING TO-DAY

"It's one of the great pictures of this or any year" —THE ILLUSTRATED

Mister Roberts



WILLIAM POWELL
JAMES CAGNEY
JACK LEMMON
HENRY FONDA

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S 5 SHOWS "Mister Roberts" AT 11.30 A.M.
ALHAMBRA AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY 20th Century-Fox's Color Cartoons REDUCED PRICES!

HOOPER & LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 60353

3 SHOWS TO-DAY

2:30, 5:30 & 9:20 P.M.

17 REELS: 2 1/2 HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT!!!



HER LIFE... HER SINS

Powerful romance...thrilling escapades...wondrous sights to see... 2 1/2 hours of mighty entertainment!

NORMA SHEARER TYRONE POWER

in Marie Antoinette

with JOHN BARRYMORE ROBERT MORLEY ANITA LOUISE JOSEPH SCHUBERT

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke Produced by Hunt Stromberg

Screen Play by Celine West, Donald Ogden Stewart and Ernest Vidal. An M-G-M Picture

SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION Hooper at 12:00 noon. Liberty at 12:30 p.m.

MGM COLOR CARTOONS In CinemaScope

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A Stupendous Adventure of Man! A Prize Winner at Cannes and Berlin! French Grand Prix for Color! See the WONDERS OF THE NATURE!

"GREEN MAGIC"

In FERRANIACOLOR Presented by 20th Century-Fox

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW ROXY: AT 12.00 NOON A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS Presented by Warner Brothers

BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m. NEWEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME Presented by 20th Century-Fox

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Cut-price
'Ford' Shares
Will Be
On Sale Soon

New York.
By the end of this year thousands of Americans may be able to sit back, put their feet up and muse in the best capitalist tradition: "I own stock in the Ford Motor Co."

It will be the first chance the man-in-the-street has had to own a slice in the richest privately held company in America.

Some Ford stock definitely is going on the block. How much, and when, has not been announced. But the best guess on Wall Street is that the stock will go on sale late in 1955 or early in 1956, and the price may be as low as \$80 a share.

Housewives... salaried office workers... people who have never owned a share of stock in their lives are expected to scramble for a chance to buy.

"They'll buy it, no matter what the price," said one broker.

Present Holders

Seasoned investors also want their share. The name of Ford is as big a lure on Wall Street as on any other street.

The actual seller of the stock will be the Ford Foundation, which has almost \$500,000,000 in assets and is the biggest philanthropic trust in the world. The Foundation owns 3,089,000 shares of class A Ford stock, all of it non-voting. Members of the Ford family hold the 172,045 shares of class B, voting stock. The Foundation plans to sell part of its stock in order to diversify its holdings. In order to carry out such a sale, Ford must issue a public financial statement, and up to now Ford's financial balance sheet has been one of the business world's best-kept secrets.

Since individual shares of Ford stock are probably worth too much to interest the average investor, Wall Street expects there will first be a stock "split"—creating more shares of stock and decreasing the value of each one. Some guesses are that the stock put up for sale will run between \$60 and \$70 a share.

Fortunes Made

No matter what fortune awaits the few shareholders, they can't expect to do as well as the original backers of Henry Ford, Sr., who were willing to speculate on the success of Ford's "horseless carriage."

When Ford launched his company in 1903 a dozen stockholders subscribed a total of \$28,000 in cash for the original 1,000 shares.

One woman—a Detroit schoolteacher—invested \$100 for a single share. Over the next 10 years she received \$95,000 in dividends, and eventually sold her share to Ford for \$200,000.

Ford bought out seven remaining shareholders in 1910 for a total of \$105,000,000. James Couzens, Ford's right-hand-man and business manager for the first 12 years, received \$20,000,000 for his stock. United Press.

From London: A Maharajah Tells How His Cousin's Elephants Are Taught To Use A Lasso.

From Chicago: A Blind Ex-serviceman Helps In The Rehabilitation Of Other Blind Veterans.

From New York: Soon American Will Be Able To Buy Cut-Price Ford Shares.

From London: Commercial TV Makes Its Debut This Autumn. It Has Already Got Many Critics.

Princess Margaret Has The Gossips Talking...
HER CONSTANT COMPANION
IS A TALL YOUNG EARL

London.
A handsome blueblood bachelor with a million in the bank has pushed Group Captain Peter Townsend out of the Royal romance gossip.

He is, the tall, blond Earl of Wilton, Princess Margaret's constant companion during the brilliant summer "season" in London society.

Two Big Dates

Court circles believe the wealthy 34-year-old nobleman could readily fit into the Princess's future and they anxiously waited to see where he stands on two big dates coming up.

The first is August 21, when Princess Margaret turns 25. On that day she gets the right to marry without the consent of her sister, the Queen—providing she tells Parliament and then waits a year before going ahead.

Private House Party
The second big date comes at the end of the month when the Queen gives her a very private house party at Balmoral Castle. If Lord Wilton is included in

the Royal guest list, he will rise to the summit in Royal romance gossip.

It is an accepted fact in court circles that a prospective



TOWNSEND
Forgotten By
Gossips

suitors for a Princess's hand always joins the Royal family on holidays to see how he will be likely to "fit in" to the exclusive circle. Prince Philip was entertained like this before his engage-

ment to Princess Elizabeth. It is said he proposed in Balmoral Castle gardens.

Thus it is that Court observers will keep a close watch on



MARGARET
'Our Steps Match
Well'

the Earl of Wilton as the Queen's party approaches. If he arrives at this historic old castle to walk on the moors and join the shooting parties each morning, and dance in the white and gold ballroom

at Princess Margaret's birthday—it will be significant, or so the Court gossip goes.

During the social season just ended, Lord Wilton had been constantly at the Princess's side at theatres, restaurants and private functions. He recently gave his second party in London and invited her as his guest-of-honour. This social whirl was a distinct change for the Earl. He used to spend most of his time in the country at Ramsbury Manor, Wiltshire, one of the most beautiful homes in England.

Fortune At Six

Lord Wilton inherited the Manor with his title when he was only six years old. At that time also, he came into a fortune of about £700,000. He is reported to have increased this considerably with some shrewd deals in land and forest properties. Princess Margaret, recently took the front seat with Lord Wilton when he drove her home from a dance in his car. She dances frequently with him and plainly enjoys it. She is said to have told a friend, "our steps match very well."—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"My husband always did have wanderlust—too bad he hasn't got some job like Secretary Dulles!"

Come And Hunt In Cooch Behar

Where Elephants
Are Taught
To Use A Lasso

London.
"My cousin," said the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, casually, "has trained a couple of elephants to go out into the jungle and lasso wild elephants for him."

"Lasso! You mean like cowboys?"

"Exactly," said India's most handsome prince. "I have trained these elephants to put a noose around a wild elephant and tie it up. Then along he comes with his men and they prod the elephant, with the help of the trained ones, to his training stockade."

"Sounds like a fascinating fellow?"

"He is indeed," murmured the tall, sleek ruler of the most picturesque of the princely states. "He is the Raj Kumar of Gauripur. He is about 45 and he is simply marvellous with animals. He helps me with my tiger shooting business. He can ride an elephant and that, you know, is trickier than riding a bucking broncho. He has 10 elephants of his own."

Giant Bengal Tigers

"Tiger shooting business, did you say?"

"Yes, I've been organising tiger shoots in my jungles. I'm hoping to get some more American and British and other sportsmen who want a crack at a giant Bengal tiger—believe me this is the world's supreme hunting thrill."

"I somehow can't think of a Maharajah in business—I thought they all were fabulously wealthy."

"Not since the takeover," said Jagaddipendra Narayan Bhup Bahadur (to use his full name). "I really do it to maintain our elephants. We used to have 35 when we were an independent state, now we have only 18. They eat hundreds of pounds of food each day and they are expensive to maintain. So the shoots help."

Elephants Essential

"Must you keep elephants?"

"We've always had them," exclaimed the Maharajah. "Not keep elephants? Why? I wouldn't be Cooch Behar without them. Besides, they are necessary for hunting. If you hunt, you need elephants. You can't shoot a tiger without them. They are the only animals that can carry a hunter through the jungle. They are the only animals that can carry a hunter through the jungle. They are the only animals that can carry a hunter through the jungle."

A Case Of
The Blind
Leading
The Blind

Chicago.
Blinded veterans and servicemen are learning to walk, work and play again under the leadership of a blind man.

Russel C. Williams, himself a blinded veteran, is chief of the Blind Rehabilitation Section at the Veterans' Administration Hospital at Hines, Illinois.

Williams and Dr. Maxwell D. Flank, chief of physical medicine and rehabilitation, outlined the programme in an article in the American Medical Association Journal.

Williams is assisted by specially trained sighted therapists who work individually with the patients.

The programme is not one of vocational training, the article said, but it is aimed at helping the patients make the emotional and physical change needed for "a fresh launching into society."

The aim is to show blinded men that they can adjust and succeed in everyday life.

Simple Projects

The programme begins with simple projects and progresses to harder ones to establish a "success pattern," the article said. Each patient progresses at his own rate.

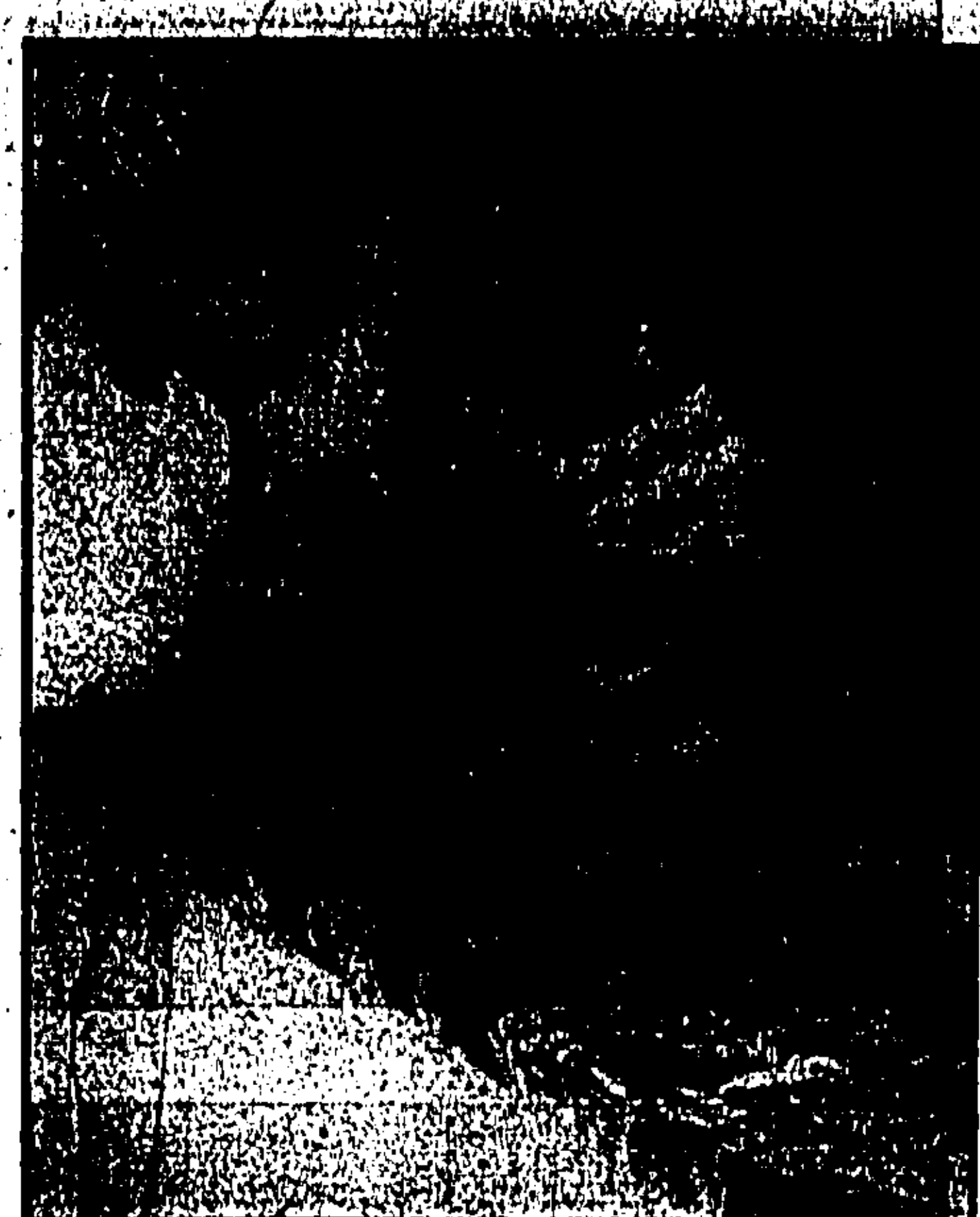
In the shop unit, patients begin with leather work, move to weaving, then to the use of hand tools and finally to power equipment.

The blinded veterans are taught to walk with a cane in the hospital and eventually take trips through the congested loop of Chicago.

Typewriting is taught to all patients, along with braille and blind handwriting methods.

The article said patients are encouraged but not required to take part in such recreational activities as swimming, golf, bowling, dancing and card playing.

Length of stay at the hospital varies, but the maximum length usually is 18 weeks.—United Press.



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The Rolex Datejust is a watch that never needs winding.

Most of all, the owner of a Rolex Datejust knows, intuitively, that this watch is the finest in its class—a leader among the world's timepieces.

MR LEGERTON
CALMLY FOR
THE NEW TV

London.
Britain gives birth to its first commercial television programmes this autumn with the Conservative Party acting as midwife. Socialists are sure the little stranger will be a monster because of the pre-natal influence of American television and want it put to sleep immediately.

The birth pains are causing so much excitement that everybody seems to have overlooked Harold Legerton as he sits benign and charming, but also determined, in his little office in the heart of the newspaper district, Fleet Street.

Mr Legerton is secretary of the powerful Lord's Day Observance Society. He is against television on Sunday. Two years ago his organisation smashed a bill in the House of Commons which would have permitted theatrical performances and sports on Sunday. Killed it so decisively that he points out proudly, 12 of the measure 50 members who voted for the bill are no longer in Parliament.

Mr Legerton is convinced that commercial television, even if it is to be a success, will be a disaster to the nation.

They say British producers want to take the easy way out by buying films of shows which have proven themselves hits in the States.

Theatre and movie house owners are afraid the new competition will close many theatres and will finally kill music hall or vaudeville which up to a few years ago was one of the most thriving forms of entertainment in London.

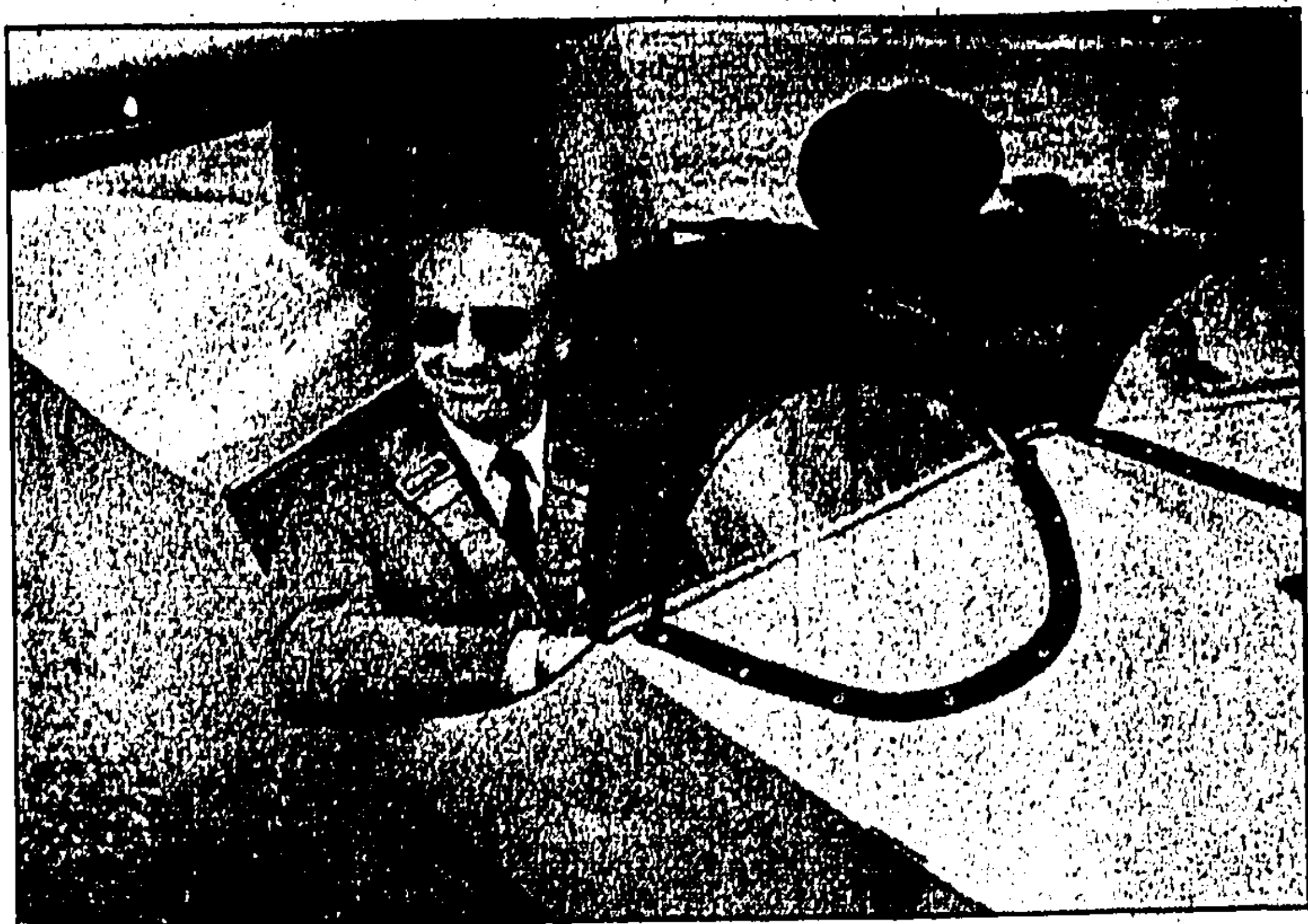
The new commercial stations will operate under a strict advertising and entertainment code intended to avoid the "mistakes" of American television. Mr Legerton says he will wait till the new service starts before taking any action against it but it is almost certain he will throw his influential group into the fight because he already finds the BBC Sunday shows "disgusting".

402 Out Of 630

And to foreign eyes these could hardly be quainter.

The Lord's Day Observance Society helps enforce Sunday laws dating back to 1600. It has always had strong legislative support.

In this Parliament, 402 of the 630 members are friends of the Sunday trading law. Lord's Day Observance Society.



COLONEL J. Profumo, MP, in the sailplane which he entered in the National Gliding Championships, held at Lasham Aerodrome, Hampshire. Mr Philip A. Willis won with 492 points out of a possible 500.



NOW they sail boats sitting comfortably on a riding saddle. That is the Duke of Edinburgh sitting side-saddle as he steers Uffa Fox's 20-ton sloop, Fresh Breeze, in the Britannia Challenge Cup race at Cowes. Standing is Prince Michael of Kent, who is a sailing enthusiast. (Express)



THE QUEEN spent a busy day at Winchester recently, celebrating the 800th anniversary of two royal charters granted to the city by Henry II. The Queen waves to schoolchildren at Pilgrim's School Playing Fields. (Express)



LEFT: Lt-Col Alfred Daniel Wintle, 59, hero of two wars, who has been sent to gaol for six months for assaulting a solicitor in a quarrel over a will. He debagged the solicitor and photographed him in a dunce's cap. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



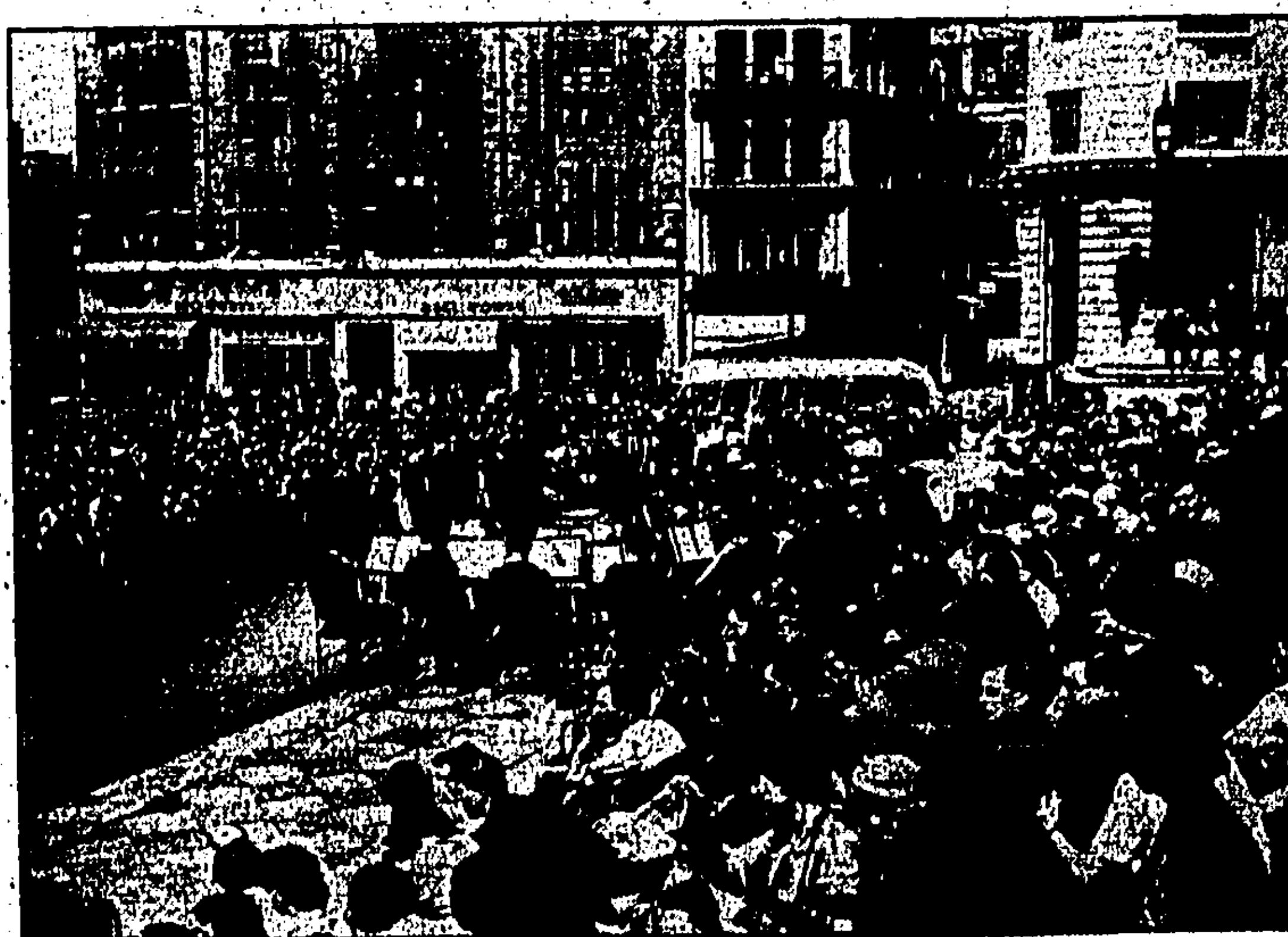
MRS Julia Owen of Bromley, Kent, treats sufferers from rheumatism and arthritis with bee stings, and for her work she keeps 10,000,000 special bees. Here she is treating a patient. She holds the bee between tweezers so that the sting can be applied to the troublesome spot. (Express)



THE day Bill Malvert was 101, he celebrated by downing 16 pints of mild at his local in Mold Green, Huddersfield. You can see him with his row of empties beside him. They call him Little Willie with the big thirst. But this is the thirstiest summer he can remember! (Express)



BACK to the twenties for a 21st birthday party. Scene: the party given by Billy Walsh — who plays polo with the Duke of Edinburgh—for his daughter Peggy. Mr Walsh is seen giving one of his polo ponies champagne. In centre is daughter Peggy, and on the left Mrs Henry Forbes, daughter of sugar king Vernon Tate. (Express)



IN the heart of London during the recent heat wave. The Band of the Royal Horse Guards playing on the steps of St Paul's Cathedral for the lunch-time crowd. The audience consisted mainly of business people and overseas visitors. (Army News)



CALLED Britain's Reno is No. 22 Castle Street, Dover, the place for register office weddings. Lately many Belgian couples have been using it to defeat a Belgian marriage law which makes divorced people wait three years before remarrying. But by crossing the Channel to an English town and staying for 18 days they can have a marriage that is legal in Belgium. (Express)



THE glittering salon of London's Top Ten couturier Giuseppe Matti is to close in his chandelier-bespangled home in Knightsbridge. Matti blamed 'lack of money to spend' for the closure. A Matti model gown costs £100. Now he plans to move to smaller premises. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

We remember Cyrano de Bergerac, who died 300 years ago, as soldier, lover and buffoon. We forgot the arm-chair scientist who was 200 years ahead of his nearest rival with his imagined trips into outer space.

FATHER OF SPACE FICTION

By
R. A. PIDDINGTON

CYRANO DE BERGERAC, with his toucan nose, his unanswerable sword and his rumbustious deeds, is a familiar name to admirers of Rostand's scintillating drama, to film-goers, and to smatterers of literary allusions.

But Cyrano has a further claim on our admiration. Anticipating Jules Verne by two centuries, he wrote the first plausibly scientific romances of travel into outer space.

Connoisseurs of Mach 5 and all the other jargon of jet propulsion may smile at the word "scientific." Let them not underrate Cyrano's genius. He reasoned about gravitational force before Newton left school, suggested aeronautical balloons before Montgolfier was born, and correctly explained the phases of Venus at a time when astronomers were still debating whether the planets shone with their own light.

Cyrano, in fact, was an earnest student of philosophy and physics, on which he wrote a treatise of more than amateur competence.

ROCKET TAKE-OFF

HE was the first to imagine any form of power-driven contraption by which interplanetary travel might be achieved, and though his apparatus for a trip to the moon is about as vaguely described as H. G. Wells's time machine, he did make use of rocket-assisted take-off for his second (and successful) attempt in fiction to land on the earth's satellite.

Cyrano was an extraordinary mixture of buffoon, prophet, Utopian and realist. As the owner, in Paris, of "an excellent telescope," he must have known that the chances of life on the moon were fantastically remote, but fantasy was his hobby-horse and he rode it bare-back when experience could not call him to account. The result reads like a tale of Erewhon by Louis de Rougemont.

On Cyrano's second voyage, this time to the sun, an entirely different machine, driven on by a kind of jet propulsion derived from solar energy, carries him the necessary 90m miles past Venus and Mercury in about four months—an inspired guess at the time needed, seeing that a speed of at least seven miles per second is now calculated to be requisite for getting clear of Earth's gravitational pull.

His apparently naive belief that "dark earths" of the sun were habitable was later advanced by no less an astronomer than Sir William Herschel. And our own century has not altogether discarded the idea of a tip-and-run solar expedition.

SUNSPOT LANDING

THE story of what follows Cyrano's landing on a sunspot bears anything that Othello ever related about antres, vaults and deserts, hills, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. On the sun he met with talking trees, litigious birds, Protean men and symbolical rivers.

All this is mingled with philosophical discourse that is a kind of rambling tale of the multifarious ideas that Cyrano had found no means of marketing in his literary life. Had he lived in an age of Sunday newspapers, what a name he might have made as a columnist!

True, even allowing for the untimeliness of his death at 38, his output of manuscripts was meagre. But he began his career, not as an author, but as a soldier.

Was he the rake-holly swash-buckling bravo that legend has portrayed? We cannot be sure. But we do know that he was less of a D'Artagnan than Rostand has made us believe. "He may well have spent a riotous youth, for even his friend Lobret says that Bergerac regretted in later life the time he had wasted in folly. But after being severely wounded at the relief of Mouson, and again at the siege of Arras, Cyrano returned to his birthplace, Paris, where he apparently studied philosophy."



"Well, well—if it isn't our C.O. and the Major who had us on the gal about our civvy dress." London Express Service

DID IT HAPPEN? ... to BENNY HILL?

"ENJOY your heritage!" the article said. "You live in the most picturesque land in the world. There is more downright beauty in an acre of English sod than in all the perfumes of Arabia." Or words to that effect. I began to get interested. After all, what knows he of England who only Clapham knows?

I had rattled round Britain from Empire to Hippodrome, but what did I understand about life outside the big build-up? Practically nothing. So when the writer began to fill in the corners with phrases like "the chiaroscuro of a Devon sky" it wasn't just because I didn't know what "chiaroscuro" meant that I was impressed.

It seems that while my back was turned tranquillity had upped stakes and gone to live in the country. What was worse, those broker's men, Hustle and Bustle, were at that moment moving out my peace of mind. If I wanted to keep my nerve-endings in working trim, I had to quit the city for a while, and make for the trees.

I wasn't myself

"Benny Hill," I said, "what are you doing riding a milk-bar stool?" I didn't answer the question addressed to me. I wasn't myself that day. And I knew what was missing. Rest. Peace. The open air. So I dismounted, put the magazine to bed in a pocket, and went in search of some conveyance. Fifteen minutes, two misdirections and an argument later I was aboard an ancient tumbler that bore on its faded flanks the legend: "Atlantis Bus Company." Impostor! That was no bus. I'll swear it ran on castors! It grunted, shook and skittered round the streets, looking for a way out of town. Finally it breached a hole in the defences, and scampered through into the warm and welcoming countryside.

A lot of country

I let the seat massage my kidneys for a while, until my legs got jealous. Then I fell off the bus at the next breakdown, and left it to choke to death. The countryside looked wonderful. There was a lot of it and it was very green. All the flowers were wearing their party dresses. Birds that should have known better were darting hither and yon. Drunken bees were staggering from blossom to blossom, mumbling to themselves. The sun was assisting generally and making a big production of it. The whole world was trying to persuade me that it was all sweetness and light. I wasn't arguing. I was awestruck.

At last he spoke... it wasn't a very good line, but he had given it Jack Benny timing.



CALL ME NATURE BOY

A near-by gate, bolted, padlocked and lined with barbed wire beckoned invitingly. I fought my way over it and stumbled carefully along an over-dressed hedgerow. A great green cloud of a wood loomed up ahead. I approached it quietly, coughed tactfully, and went inside. It was very nice in there. Like being in Brighton Aquarium—cool and green and fragrant.

Peace at last

Deep into the greenery I wandered, through sylvan fastnesses and verdant wensumens until I was entirely surrounded by vegetable matter. Here, in a glade that had come out in a rush of sunlight, I sat down. Peace at last. I lay back. Yes, this was certainly it. Deep calling to Deep. Communing with Nature, and all that sort of guff. I yawned. Yes, Deep calling to Nature, and Nature calling to Guff. Then Guff appeared and he was the Sandman, except that he wasn't throwing sand. He was throwing rocks, and one hit me and I went spark out. For I don't know how long.

Down in the forest something stirred. It was me—or should that be—It was I? Anyway, it was one of us. I opened a tentative eye. Then two eyes. A character in a corned deer-stalker was gazing down at me with an expression akin to disgust. He looked like a disturbed Sherlock Holmes, and his face was so long it threatened to run down his jacket. I tried to muster a smile, but it didn't come to much. Just a convulsive twitching of the facial muscles.

It seemed so promising. I was alone. The figure of

was a proposal I had pleasure in seconding. Wasn't I already beginning to suspect that the proper place for greenery was in a salad? Furthermore I was in no condition to welcome rough justice from some feudal baron.

Policy was to take a turn with Holmes as far as the forest's edge. Then a quick bow, and off. No encours.

We struck camp immediately and made off towards the wood's perimeter. We were an ill-assorted couple. I resembled a floor-walker in a junk-shop, and my zombie friend looked like a stand-in for Dracula. After my prolonged siesia I was learning to toddle all over again. As for the tragedian in the two-way hat, he appeared to be walking backwards.

Tricky

My thoughts were interrupted by a sound like a milkshake under construction. The noise was jolly, mustel and wet. But it wasn't a milkshake. It was a stream—as wide as the High Street and twice as busy. We squinted down a canyon at it. "I got to get down there," mumbled my shaggy escort. He wanted to inspect some hole for wild-life. Apparently, it was the only cache in the bank he'd ever "tricky business," I contributed helpfully.

"Dobbsie usually olds the rope," he grumbled. So, to make a long story interminable, I offered to act as anchor man while Sporting Life let himself down on the end of a piece of string. My exercise proved to be so invigorating that when Holmes finally emerged and released the rope, I executed a few tricky steps of "Black Nag," and went down for a count of five.

I was just crawling back out of the brush when the discreet buzz of woodland conversation was rudely interrupted by the sudden shattering cough of some rustic field-piece. The atmosphere became charged with buckshot almost immediately. Holmes was across past me before he grunted:

Run for it!

"Gamekeeper! Run for it!" I called. I thought, "I started to travel without a ticket. My gun was unlicensed. The air into an invisible jockey my head swung like a beach ball from side to side, and my legs made violent



Benny Hill—

—author of today's story, is 30. Having already found a gift-edged frame in TV sets and presentism on his own and down the country, the face of Benny Hill is about to be seen in cinemas.

The Southampton-born comedian started off at 16 as a property boy in a forgotten revue. He now has a flat in Haida Vale and is busy directing his first film, a West End stage.

middle. Now I was on the run, the denizens of the forest turned against me. Trees I'd never even seen before put out roots to trip me up. Branches with whom I had no quarrel took to belabouring me about the head, and every few yards some jealous bramble would make a grab at my birdseye. I struggled on. I was scratched, slapped, poked, and pushed over twice. Horseplay was beginning to grow tiresome when a second thunderous broadside was let loose in my general direction.

Faster than sound

This encouraged me to further efforts, such as baring my teeth, clawing the air, and throwing my trunk forward so impetuously that the rest of me felt obliged to follow immediately.

A trail of fine spray hanging in the air marked my passage through the astonished wood. I was by this time stepping out in so animated a fashion that the passing trees looked like a picket fence. Only the weight of my small change prevented me from becoming airborne. At any moment I expected to catch up with the sound of my own progress.

Not my day

Suddenly the trees made way for me, the lights went up and I rocketed out of the wood, up a sharp bank and "Ooh, look, Ma, I'm flying!" Someone had pulled the world away from under me. I dropped out of the sky for a perfect three-point landing—on one ear and two knees. Every thing spun like a roulette wheel. I waited for it to settle. Finally Number Thirteen, Black, came up. Not my lucky day. So I stood up, checked to see that no vital organs were missing, and limped away. As I turned to shake a fist at the wood, I noticed the magazine lying below the bank. I didn't go back for it.

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DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in the space above and keep this panel until Monday, when the story will be the story by Audrey Erskine Lindop.

AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP

Put your tick in the space above and keep this panel until Monday, when the story will be the story by Audrey Erskine Lindop.

AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP

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AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP

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Wingate's tumultuous career moves to its climax. Then, a radio flash tells of—

ON the night of August 4, 1943, Winston Churchill ordered dinner alone at 10 Downing Street. He had a good deal to think about.

The following day he was to leave for the conference with President Roosevelt and his advisers at Quebec. And high on the list of priorities for talks was the war against the Japanese in East Asia.

Churchill had spotted a Briton from whom he expected great things in those operations. He had met Orde Wingate and appreciated his genius, at the same time that he was aware of his faults.

As Churchill sat down to dinner the news came that Wingate had arrived and was in the house. Churchill immediately sent for him and asked him to join him at dinner. Wingate came in clean-shaven, but still dressed in his bush-shirt and denim trousers.

The two men took to each other at once. "You must come with me to Quebec and tell your story to the Americans," Churchill said. It was then nine o'clock. "Our train leaves for Glasgow at 10."

Orde Wingate leaped like a spring trout at the opportunity, and then immediately afterwards remembered his wife.

The power

HE had had no opportunity of telling her he was in England, and she was staying with her parents near Aberdeen.

It was one of those occasions which the Prime Minister loved, of showing, as is perhaps only possible in wartime, what power is possessed by the arbiter of a nation's destiny. He rang for his secretary and explained Wingate's problem. An hour later Mrs Wingate was greeted at her home in Aberdeen by a couple of policemen who told her to pack an overnight bag and put her into their car.

At 6 o'clock on the morning of August 5, Wingate was still in his baggy tropical uniform when he stepped from the special train at Waverley Station, Edinburgh. In the fresh clarity of a Scottish dawn, Lorna Wingate, until now ignorant of why she was there, suddenly saw him.



"They had a very happy voyage together," says Churchill of the Wingates' trip in the Queen Mary to Quebec.

Floating C.H.Q.

FLANKED by cruisers, her decks patrolled by Marines, the Queen Mary was a floating C.H.Q. with the brains and heart of the British war effort aboard. Churchill and the Chiefs of Staff were still guiding the battle even from mid-Atlantic. Each day they thrashed out details of the coming invasion of France. A day was given over to South-East Asia and Wingate spoke long and eloquently. The Chiefs of Staff were taken with him.

For Orde and Lorna Wingate the Quebec Conference was an interlude of almost unbroken serenity, after the strains and stresses of the months before.

His promotion to major-general had come through, together with a second bar to his D.S.O.

Wingate was a very different character from the hysterical major who had crawled back in disgrace from Cairo in 1941. And to make his happiness complete he learned just before returning to India that he was to become a father.

He plunged into a bout of work on his return. In London he had already met the American, Colonel Philip Cochran, who was to command the air side of the operation.

They had started by disliking each other, but the ability which each showed at his own job soon changed this to mutual respect.

Then, at the height of this dizzy happy period, double disaster struck.

First he went down with typhoid. When Wavell heard about it, he had Wingate flown to hospital in Delhi and then sent a special plane to Imphal, to bring back Matron McGeary, the remarkable Scots woman who had so indefatigably nursed the Chinlits after the first Burma campaign.

It was mainly owing to her faithfulness and skill that Wingate survived.

Jungle columns

AS he lay in bed, fighting the battle with typhoid, he learned through friends that a plot was afoot to cancel the Chinlit operation. At last it was decided that the campaign should go ahead, though it was no longer the grandiose operation Wingate had planned.

Fourteen thousand men were to be set down on three landing grounds, one called "Piccadilly," another called "Broadway," and there was also an emergency strip at Chowringhee. All were 250 miles behind the Japanese in Burma. First gliders carrying infantry would land and signal back.

DISASTER at 4 a.m.

Chapter 8 in the story of Britain's Strangest Hero by **LEONARD MOSLEY**

whether there was opposition, and hold a perimeter while the gliders containing bulldozers and graders arrived with U.S. technicians to work them. The plan was, 12 hours after D-Day, to have a strip prepared for Dakotas to come in with Jeeps, pack animals, guns, transport, and radio. Then the columns would march out to meet the Japanese.

The spaces in the jungle named Piccadilly and Broadway had been thoroughly photographed weeks before: now Wingate ordered reconnaissance planes to keep off, so as to lull Japanese suspicions.

A hunch

FORTUNATELY for him, one of Cochran's pilots disobeyed him, Captain Charles Rushton was told of Wingate's plan on reconnaissance, but kept pressing his C.O. to let him visit the landing grounds again. He finally took off in a B25 piloted by Colonel R. T. Smith. The time was 11 o'clock on the Sunday morning, and the operation's H-hour was less than seven hours away.

Both pilot and photographer gasped with dismay when they saw the Piccadilly clearing.

There were small streaks across it wherever they could see. They took the place in lower, and then saw that hundreds of great logs had been placed over the clearing. There was one clear space, but here there were signs of excavation, which could mean either trenches or mining.

By this time it was late afternoon and the operation would soon be under way, and it was vital that the news of the new development should reach Lalaghat before the gliders took off, otherwise disaster faced them.

The photographs were flown to Wingate. When he saw them his eyes glowed with anger. "I thought I said no reconnaissance," he shouted. "Who took these pictures?" "He did," replied Cochran, pointing at Rushton, "because he had a hunch, and he was

right. Look at Piccadilly. We can't possibly land gliders there. What do we do—cancel the operation?"

I'm ready

THERE was a long silence. Wingate's face went grey. And then Brigadier Michael Calvert, who was to lead the troops on the operation (for this time Wingate, as commander, was staying behind) came up.

"I am prepared," he said, "to take all my brigade into Broadway. I'll mean a slower build-up and I'll have to re-brief my Piccadilly men. But well go."

Wingate could not conceal his relief and gratitude.

The time was six o'clock in the evening of Sunday, March 5, 1944. The tropical night was beginning to come down. To one side the brass-hats from G.H.Q. waited to see what was going to happen. "All right, then, Michael," said Orde Wingate, "off you go. And remember, in quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

The glider descent on Broadway began an hour or so before midnight.

New experience

FOR Orde Wingate it was the first experience of what it was like to be a high commander at headquarters. Instead of, as had happened before, a fighting commander in the field.

Cochran recalls the scene. "He kept combing his beard, all the time he hunched over the radio set. He had a special way of combing the wet locks so that they curled upwards and sprang into his mouth. He chewed them as he kept saying, 'Why doesn't Calvert report?'"

At 4 a.m. on the morning of March 6, Calvert did report. He sent a single word over his radio link and then immediately closed down. The single word, repeated three times, was: "Soyalink, Soyalink, Soyalink."

It was the operation's code-word for Disaster.

Next week:

CODE WORD: "SOYALINK"

WHAT'S THE RUSSIAN FOR ZANY?

YES, there are smiles in Moscow these days, which of course is a welcome change—but, believe me, there is still quite a lot of the same old Russia left, which makes life odd for the foreigners and often downright frustrating for the visiting newspaper correspondent.

An American colleague is paying his second visit to Russia, the first having been in the nineteen-twenties.

The other day he was writing a "then-and-now" piece for his paper, and mentioned that the first time he ever saw Stalin he noticed the future leader of Russia had a large patch on the seat of his trousers.

This phrase was blue-pencilled by the censors. My colleague decided to contest the point.

"Don't you see," he urged, "it shows the simplicity of Stalin—why, it makes him seem like our own Abraham Lincoln."

"Please, sir," the censor said, "we do not welcome the comparison. After all, Lincoln was assassinated!"

HEADACHES

YES, it's a hard row to hoe for us, newsmen here. That little interchange over in Geneva between Krushchev and Eisenhower, for instance—the headaches that has meant!

You recall that Krushchev tipped like off that Marshal Zhukov's daughter was being married in Moscow just then. Naturally we wanted to know more about it. When would the wedding be? Where? Could we meet Medemoiselle Zhukova?

Anywhere else in the world—but not in Russia.

I bombarded the Press section of the Foreign Ministry with

requests for information. A dreary voice, like one of those gramophone records which answer telephones, repeated over and over: "We are knowing nothing."

Finally—on the fourth day—there was hope. "We have written to Medemoiselle Zhukova transmitting to her your request."

On the sixth day my phone rang. It was my pal from the Ministry. "I have to inform you that Medemoiselle Zhukova has left Moscow on her honeymoon. She is thus not in a position to grant a meeting."

That was the first time they'd even admitted that the wedding had taken place.

SO SUNNY

MY first day in Moscow I paid a courtesy call on the Foreign Ministry and met with so sunny a reception that my hopes momentarily rose.

I was urged to make suggestions for articles, and when I did so they seemed to be entertained as reasonable. Among them was that I should visit the House of the Journalists, which is what the Moscow newsmen call their club.

"Please write this in a letter," said the Foreign Office official, "and we shall take steps."

Now, before I break it to you how that one wound up, I must tell of an hilarious scene over at the Egyptian Embassy when they were celebrating Egypt's national day.

The usual gay throng of diplomats and wives had gathered for the usual Moscow party.

But this was a party with a big difference. As the eyes of the arriving guests fell on IT, their glances widened, their fingers curled with involuntary acquiescence, and they started to slide over towards IT with elaborate unconcern.

For IT was a huge platter of bananas. And a banana in Moscow today is regarded in roughly the same way as it was in Britain in 1945. I could hardly keep a straight face as

I watched the guests making away with that load of fruit.

Very few of the bananas got eaten on the spot. Most of them were slipped into men's pockets and women's handbags. One man slid a couple behind the display handkerchief in his breast pocket, like cigars.

A MISTAKE!

YES, it's much the same old Moscow. Waiting anything up to two hours to get an insignificant meal. My being sent an invitation to the Kremlin and then being refused admittance. But why? I asked. "You invited me."

"There has been a mistake, comrade. No admittance."

Coming out of an open-air ballet performance of "Don Quixote" in Moscow's Park of Culture and Rest the other night I paused to admire the splendid singing of a Russian Navy choir.

For this was Soviet Navy Week, and everywhere were huge posters glorifying Red submarines and battleships.

But my enjoyment was chilled as my eye fell on the long line of propaganda posters vilifying and ridiculing the West. The campaign of incitement to hatred of Britain and America is not dead yet by a long shot.

Highspot of the visit? I am sitting having a chat with London's Lord Mayor, Sir Seymour Howard, in his suite in the posh Sovietskaya Hotel, and he asks if I would like a drink.

Gin, perhaps? I eagerly accept, because Western drinks are completely unavailable here, and I suppose the Lord Mayor has brought some gin with him.

However, he rings the bell, and when the waitress appears he says, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, "Two gins-and-tonics, please. Plenty of ice."

The waitress's jaw drops, she mutters something and withdraws. Long pause, and then the bespectacled interpreter appears and asks just what was it the distinguished visitor was requesting?

Gin and tonic, we repeat. But it was about the same thing as ordering vodka in an Aberdeen pub on a Saturday night. We finally settled for a bottle of Georgian red wine.

THE ALIBI

AND now about that request of mine to visit the House of the Journalists. When I was here last year the Russians used to dream up some glorious alibis when, for any reason they didn't want you to go somewhere. But the favourite reason of all was that the place was "being repaired."

So a week after I had put in my letter of request, the phone rings having its own field with the dead voice from the Foreign Ministry.

"Meester MacColl," he begins. "We regret that it is not being possible for you to visit the House of the Journalists, because—"

"Don't tell me," I broke in. "Let me guess. Because it's being repaired?"

"Yes," he replied. "But how are you knowing this?"

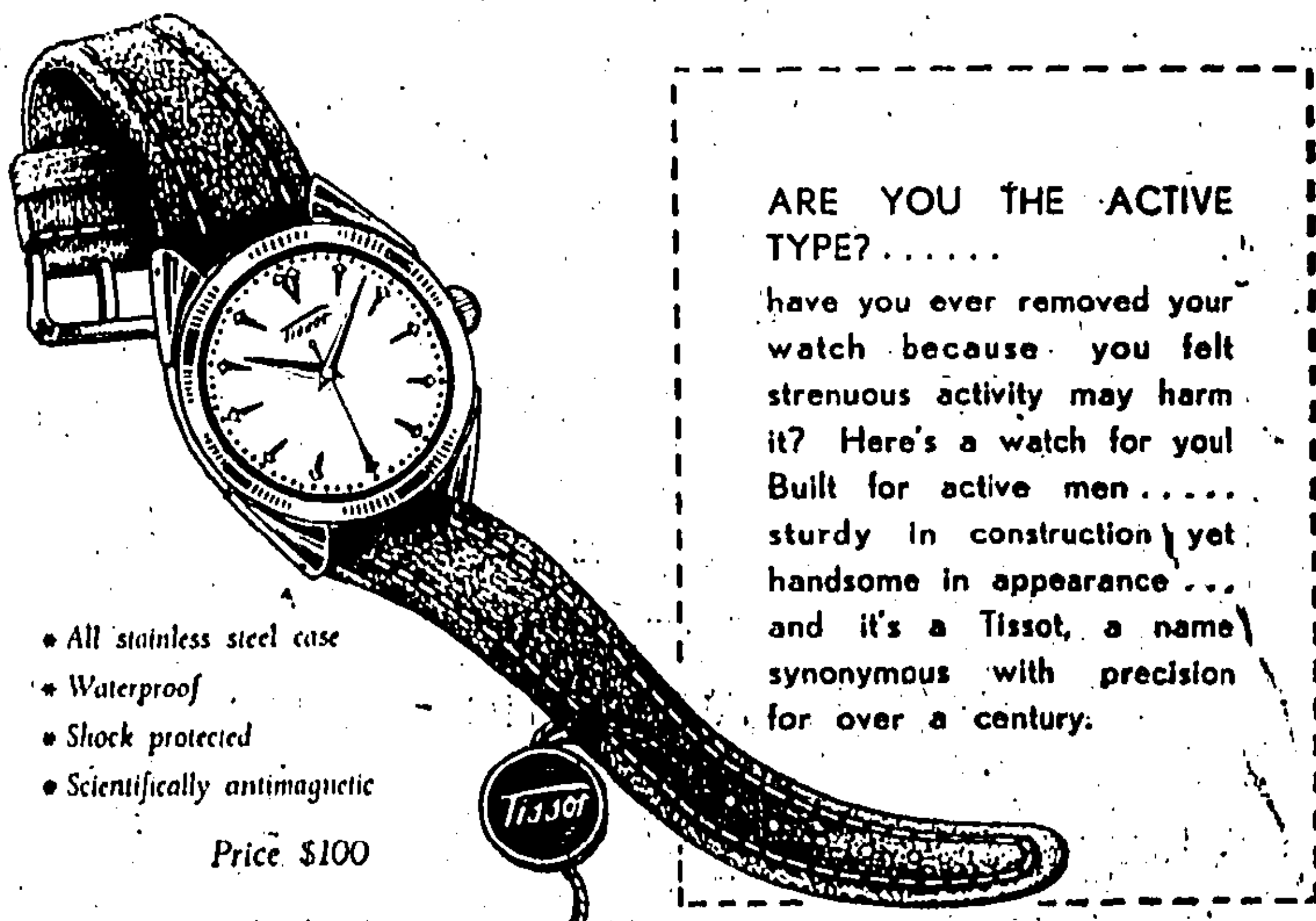
★ ★ ★

P.S. The most beautifully paved section of Moscow, with the most sparkling new stretch of roadway, is just outside the Yugoslav Embassy. The Russians started frantic work on it the day after it was announced that Tito will visit them.

He isn't officially due until the New Year—but who knows?

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need not be expensive



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PSST! WANT A PYTHON?

AMANDA MARSHALL thinks women are far too conventional in their choice of pets. They should take a tip from men...

ANY day now I expect to hear the urgent whisper in Oxford Street: "Lady! Want a coati-mundi just like David Attenborough's? How about a nice little baby python going cheap? Just like on the telly?"

TV has popularised two phenomena—titled ladies and exotic animals. Everyone knows that the English have always worshipped the horse. Our national figures aren't really Nelson and the Iron Duke, but Brumas, Orlando, Black Beauty, Winnie-the-Pooh and Tigger.

And ever since our homes were invaded by Michaela Denis with leopards in her lap, Peter Scott with birds, George Cansdale with small, sharp-toothed furry creatures of varying shapes and sizes, and even Disney turned his attention to scorpions, I've expected this pictorial mania for strange pets to become domestic reality.

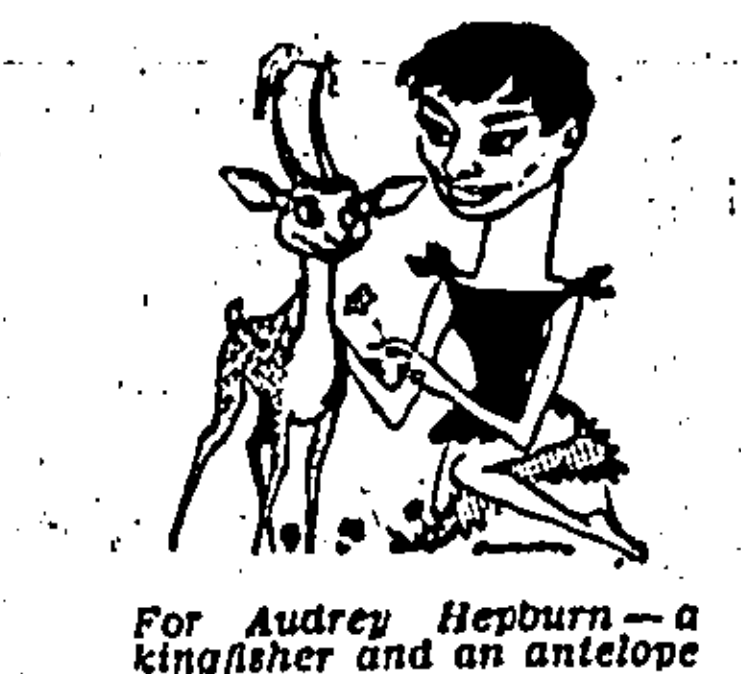
But so far we seem all too willing to stick to old loves. Children go on doing on pocketable, disturbingly family-minded

rodents, and the rest of us continue to make do with the peacock, the dachshund, the poodle and the corgi—specially honoured by Royal patronage. And, of course, there is still the Siamese cat group generally intellectually and artistically distinguished though I already foresee the day when its elegant rival, the Abyssinian, will succeed to favour.

Women are far too conventional in their choice of pets. Men are much more adventurous.

Lucian Freud used to travel on the Underground with a hawk that looked curiously like him and lived amicably in a flat-sitter with Mr Freud and a very much smaller, caged bird. T. H. White, the author, once devoted his entire waking life to training a goshawk, used to recite Macbeth to it, and nearly reduced himself and the bird to a state of mutual nervous prostration.

Cyril Connolly always had a passion for lizards, those such delicate creatures that may yet become extinct. And the Duke of Pirano, who worked as a doctor in Africa and has just published his fascinating



For Audrey Hepburn—a kingfisher and an antelope

memoirs, A Cure for Serpents, kept a pet lioness who loved him so extravagantly that she would nip the nylons from the legs of unsuspecting female guests who might possibly be competing for attention.

Sometimes it seems that the right owner finds just exactly the right sort of animal-companion. After Sir Winston's poodle Rufus left Downing Street, it seemed only right that another poodle—Lady Eden—should move in to preserve continuity. Charles Creed's nearly tailored spruce corgi is just the sort of dog to accompany a gentleman of true elegance.

It is perfectly natural that Peter Ustinov, most English of Russians, should own a large, bumbling, friendly sort of dog called Colonel Margot Fonteyn, always elegantly groomed, obviously ought to collect cats, and does—china ones.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



SOVIET HOPE IN A FREE GERMANY

'Trojan Horse' Manoeuvre

By Antony Terry

RUSSIA'S "Shadow Government" for a reunited Germany—the men Moscow has been grooming secretly for years to share top jobs in a future Fatherland restored to its prewar size—felt hope surge anew after Geneva that "Der Tag" may not be far away.

There is nothing openly Communist about these Soviet-sponsored politicians who are being trained for the role of running Germany one day.

But to Western observers they are one of the reasons for Russia's sudden acceptance of Western proposals for discussing Germany's reunification and security, which ended the Geneva stalemate and cleared the way for the East-West Foreign Ministers' meeting in October.

These Soviet "shadow men" are being groomed for a special role—to be Moscow's "Trojan Horse" inside an independent Germany. For the Russians know that, given the free elections which the West demands, the eighty million Germans on both sides of the Iron Curtain will never vote for the Communist puppet figures at present ruling East Germany.

Nor will Russia agree to a government run entirely by pro-Western German Chancellor Adenauer and his men. In Bonn, who would gain most of the votes at a free election.

Von Paulus

The Russians have therefore, secretly built up their own shadow government for a future Germany composed of men whose background and record would appeal to the man in the street.

But behind the camouflage, the men are strictly on the Moscow side and see the future of their country in a Russian-German alliance.

Foremost among them is ex-Field Marshal Von Paulus, the "Hero of Stalingrad".

He has been handpicked by the Kremlin for the post of Minister of Defence in a unified Germany.

Von Paulus can be made popular because he saved thousands of German lives by defying Hitler and surrendering the remains of his battered armies at Stalingrad.

Second on the list of Russian "heroes" is the man who threw up a big job in West Germany's Intelligence Service for the hope of getting an even more important post in a Germany of the future.

Otto John, who thinks he will be Germany's Minister of the

Interior one day, is not popular with most Germans. He was branded as a traitor when he went over to the Reds. But allegations that he was a spy for Russia have never been proved.

In fact, no one has been able to establish anything against John—except that he chose Communism to further his ambitions to rise to the top of the ladder.

The Russians value him for his experience in running West Germany's security services after the war.

Not all the Soviet German backroom boys seem on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain. There is Dr. Hermann Rauschning, the brilliantly clever former Nazi Governor of Danzig who fell out with Hitler and today edits a weekly paper in West Germany devoted to furthering German-Soviet understanding.

Stands High

Rauschning is no Red, nor, he will tell you, is he a fellow-traveller, a "parlor-Bolshevik" as the Germans call them.

But Western observers believe that Rauschning is one of the men who stands high on the Soviet "shadow cabinet."

As "an old-time Nazi" he could appeal to the Hitler fanatics in a future Germany.

Another of the Moscow "shadow cabinet" is 70-year-old Dr. Joseph Wirth, who lives today in the French Zone. As he was former Prime Minister under the democratic Weimar Republic, the Soviet set great store by him.

They are willing to overlook the fact that he is rapidly becoming senile and that scarcely a single person in the Germany of 1955 can remember the man who was Prime Minister for one brief year in 1921.

It was he who signed the Rapallo Treaty between Germany and Russia 34 years ago—a forerunner of the Soviet-German Friendship Pact which Moscow hopes will swing Germany into the Soviet orbit one day.

And Wirth has already shown he is willing to go along with Russia. He has backed Russian plans for a "united Germany" and, in return, has been feted and banqueted in East Berlin.

These are only a few of the figures Russia is keeping up her sleeve when the day for German re-unification comes within reach and 80,000,000 Germans look like being able to decide their own future. If the Foreign Ministers make progress in their October talks, that day may be nearer than they think.

AN UNHAPPY CHILDHOOD IS THE SECRET OF HER SHYNESS

CHAPTER TWO
of the
GARBO STORY
by
MICHAEL RUDDY



Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in a torrid love scene from "Flesh and the Devil."

Beverly Hills. I have often been asked why Greta Garbo shuns people except for a few intimate friends, profoundly dislikes the press, and seems to revel in a peculiar unhappiness.

"I guess Garbo's happy when she's depressed," a famous star said to me when I asked him to explain her moodiness. "But how beautiful she looks when she's unhappy! And that voice of hers!"

He did a passable imitation of the Garbo voice, and I understood what he meant.

A psychiatrist went further. Her fear of people is rooted in her childhood, he said, and from what I have been told and have read her childhood was unhappy.

There's a story related of Garbo writing to a girl friend in Stockholm, and several letters began the same way: "Oh, I hate this ugly country. The people! They are always so happy—looking so cheerful. They smile at you, talk to you cheerfully even when they don't know you."

This was in her early years in Hollywood.

It is true that Greta Gustafsson—her full name was Greta Lovisa Gustafsson—was born in a four-room flat at 32, a Blenkingatan Street, in the poor Southside district of Stockholm, on the wrong side of the River Malar, on September 18, 1905.

A Swedish friend of mine, Mrs. John Clauson, told me: "We were always sorry for children who lived in the Southside. They had no parks or gardens in which to play. There were no trees, no flowers. It looked best in winter when the fresh snow was clean and white. But

soon this became dirty. In spring it was a district of muddy streets and strong smells. In summer it was dusty and dirty. Children who lived in these tenements had to play in the backyards, where the wash was hung out, or in the streets."

Greta's parents came from the farmlands of southern Sweden, and in the city Karl Gustafsson was often ill. When he worked it was as a labourer or at odd jobs, like a clean-up man in a slaughterhouse.

Greta had a brother and sister, both older—Sven and Alva. She was a disappointment to them when she refused to play with them in the gutters and the backyards. She used to sit by herself on the stoop, sit in silence, looking at the sky, the birds, the passers-by, and seemed to brighten only when her father came home.

When she was eight, she was taller than her brother and sister. Other children teased her about her height. "The Skinny One," they called her. And she ran to her father for comfort.

At school, she seemed disinclined to play with the other children, and with reluctance participated in the organised games at the local playground. Even her brother and sister commented that she didn't ever want to play with other children. Aloof, strangely ill at ease with

these other children who cheerfully romped as healthy youngsters do, she would stand in a corner looking miserable.

In her sadness, her father was compassionate and gentle. He was the only one for whom she seemed to have affection.

When he went for weekly treatments to a nearby hospital, she accompanied him. Years later she said she was distressed at having to wait for what seemed endless hours before he was looked after by the doctor and the nurse.

Greta's father died in 1919, and the loss to her was greater than her mother or her brother and sister had imagined. Undoubtedly his death had much to do with the forming of her character, revealed in later years in her strong personality traits.

At the impressionable age of 14, she had lost the one human who shared her secret thoughts, who understood her longing for privacy, for being alone, and who might well have helped her to emerge from this desire for being alone.

Following the death of her father, life for Greta Gustafsson rudely became harder.

Her mother went out to do housework and laundry. Her brother and sister got jobs in the city.

"I will go and find a job also, mother," Greta said in her

low, melancholy voice. "I can work, too."

The only work she could find was at a barbershop, a few streets from the tenement. She was a lathergirl. She lathered the customers while the barber stopped his razor. She washed the towels and ironed them in the back room, and all this she did while she was still at school.

Finally she asked her mother if she could leave school and look for a better job.

Greta got the first job she asked for as an assistant in the millinery department of the PUB department store. The tall 15-year-old arranged displays of hats and helped in the stock room.

One night, she stayed late to finish a display, and while walking home she passed the stage door of a theatre. On an impulse, she entered with a group of players.

No one stopped her. She watched the play from backstage and, starry-eyed, she came home, tired and sleepy, where she had been.

In a low whisper Greta said: "Mother, one day I shall be an actress."

Her mother smiled, and made no comment as she gave her daughter a simple supper.

On her 15th birthday she went to see Carl Brisson at the Moschack Theatre, and she developed a schoolgirl "crush" on him. On the walls of the bedroom she hung up photographs of Carl. Brisson clipped from magazines, and confided to her sister that if she could meet him her life would be complete.

The advertising director at the PUB store had noticed the tall girl in millinery, saw her try on the hats and observed

how well she wore them. The next catalogue sent out to customers of the PUB had two pages of Greta Gustafsson wearing the latest in feminine headgear, and business was brisk for the next fortnight in millinery.

A week afterwards she was chosen for a commercial film made for the store in which she was to display clothes as worn by "the world's worst-dressed woman." A touch of comedy and Greta did the role well. It was her beginning in films.

The "Mack Sennett" of Sweden, Erik Pettersson, gave her a bathing beauty part in "Peter the Trump," filmed in late summer of 1922 in the countryside near Stockholm. She wore a black one-piece suit, looked hefty and wholesome.

Blushing in confusion, she waited. He directed her in her first, and tersely told his aides that "she is shy and has to learn about technique, but the talent is there."

And Suller shouted: "I will reveal it."

In the film of the Swedish classic, "The Story of Gosta Berling," she played the second woman's part, a pure, beautiful maiden whose love and devotion saves a man of the cloth who has become an alcoholic and a chaser.

The relationship of Suller and Greta Garbo, the name he gave her, was established. Day after day he taught her, instructed her in techniques, guided her; and humbly, patiently, she listened and learned.

To his associates at the studio it looked like a Svengali-Tribby affair. He was making her over before their eyes, and day by day, the change was apparent.

A great film star was born.

Next Saturday:

HER FIRST ROMANCE

IT'S A LONG WAY FROM A BOX OF MATCHES TO A WORLD-WIDE FINANCIAL DEBACLE

THE KREUGER CRASH

ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES TOLD BY
HAROLD WALTON

It was perhaps the most dramatic story of 1932: the news, flashed from Paris that Saturday afternoon of March 12, that Ivar Kreuger had shot himself.

"Incredible! Impossible!" said those who first heard it.

But it was true enough, only too true. Ivar Kreuger, one of the richest men in the world and an internationally famous financier had arrived in Paris from America, bought himself a pistol, and, while business associates waited for him at a meeting had gone alone into his apartment and shot himself through the heart.

Said one of the leading London newspapers on the following morning: "Nothing in the nature of a panic is likely to occur. It is known that the position of the Kreuger organisation is essentially sound."

What a hope!

What a hope that proved to be!

For in the end the word "panic" became an understatement for what actually did occur. In the months following Kreuger's death millions of pounds went down the drain, thousands of people lost their fortunes and life savings, and international credit in nervous between-the-wars Central Europe suffered a blow from which it never really recovered.

Altogether, it has been estimated that Kreuger's adventures in finance cost the world something like £140,000,000.

How did Kreuger get away with it? How did he amass such credit? And was he to blame for the collapse of all his grandiose plans?

Ivar Kreuger was born at Kalmar, in South-East Sweden, in 1876. He started in the firm of Kreuger and Toll, building contractors, and in 1917 he formed the Swedish Match Company with a share capital of £2,500,000.

Far-sighted man

Now, Kreuger was a far-sighted man; in his way, he was something of a visionary. He was also a very practical economist. And after the First World War he not only realised that something was very wrong in the world credit arrangements (largely because London, as a consequence of the war, was no longer the great lending centre of the world) but he thought he knew how to put it all right.

His idea was simply itself. It was that the Swedish Match Company, in return for a monopoly for the manufacture and sale of matches in any given country would itself give that country a loan, at of course, a reasonable rate of interest.

To Kreuger there could be no more ideal arrangement. Much needed credit would now be available to countries in need (to the benefit of everyone), while the Swedish Match would be assured of a business monopoly for at least as long as the loan remained unpaid.

The first country Kreuger tackled was Poland. Swedish Match gave the Polish loan of £1,000,000 and in return Swedish Match obtained a monopoly for 20 years for 20 years. Next came Greece, with a similar arrangement. The idea was so

good that soon many European and South American states were queuing up for Kreuger's money. The biggest "catches" were France, to whom Kreuger lent £15,000,000, and Germany, who received £25,000,000.

There were, of course, one or two snags. One was that before Kreuger could lend money he first had to borrow it. This, because of the strength of Swedish credit, was fairly easy.

Sweden could raise money on Wall Street whereas many Central European countries could not, but nonetheless the lenders had to be paid their interest.

At the same time the actual manufacturing side of Swedish Match was growing enormously. It was like an octopus, with tentacles reaching out to almost every country. Whole forests were bought up to provide timber, pulp factories were opened, gold and iron mines obtained. At one time Kreuger was even publishing his own newspapers.

There is an old Latin pun—ex luce lucrum—from light a little lucre. It was trotted out many times in those days when men spoke of Ivar Kreuger.

Powerful force

By now he was one of the most powerful forces in international finance and a fabulously wealthy man. He owned islands around Stockholm, he had country houses, motor-cars, motor-boats, all lavishly equipped and staffed; he had homes in Stockholm, Berlin, Paris, and New York, and in London a suite at one of the most exclusive hotels was permanently reserved for him.

He was the sort of man who, as Prime Minister, would have been turning to his banker for a loan and a Cabinet would have

And then, suddenly, without warning, everything came unstuck.

Kreuger had been in New York, and the question had arisen there about some Italian bonds. These had appeared in the Kreuger and Toll balance sheet at £7,000,000. Kreuger was pressed to produce them.

He parried the question and left for Europe. He reached Paris on the afternoon of March 11, 1932. He called a meeting with a number of foreign financiers (Britain's Sir Guy Granet among them) for 11 a.m. the following day at the Hotel du Rhin. It was not a meeting, said his assistant, to discuss a desperate situation but merely to close the books of the Swedish Match Company. But Kreuger never went to it. Instead as the financiers waited with growing impatience, he took his own life.

No bonds

The effects were immediate. A wave of selling of Kreuger and Toll securities began. On the very morning of his suicide 165,000 shares were sold on the New York Stock Exchange alone. Everything came crashing down.

And to make matters worse when his associates looked into his private safe in Stockholm they found there were no Italian bonds at all—only some pieces of paper which the Italians immediately denounced as forgeries.

This news hit the financial world like a bombshell. And at the time went on many other things. The matter of the Swedish Match Company's debt to the Swedish Government was a matter of some importance. The Swedish Government was a matter of some importance.

Perhaps he honestly intended to break up the log-jam which was throttling the credit of Europe and making for that great depression which, in later years, was to throw up Hitler and create the conditions for a second world war.

But he underestimated the difficulties. He found it was, after all, not so easy to transfer credit from one country to another, and this drove him to artifices which he hoped "would be all right."

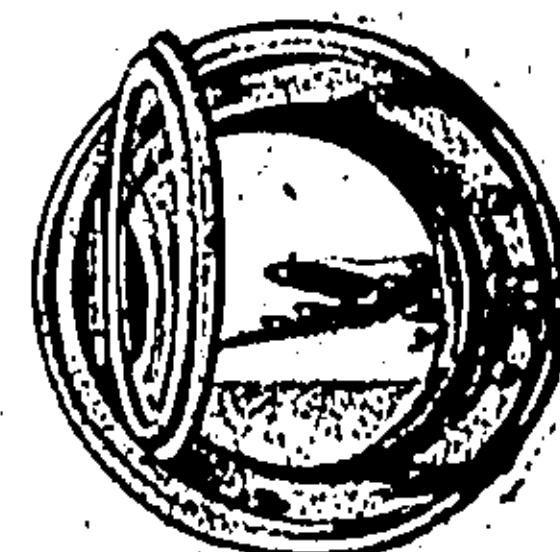
And like to many swindlers, he tried to cover up one fraud by perpetrating another.

Yet he built in some ways better than most people know. Look today at the strength of such companies he helped to organise as Swedish Match and Ericsson Telephones. None is better founded.

Clearing up

In Stockholm the clearing up of the Kreuger ramifications still goes on (by a British firm of accountants) and the question is often asked (as it has been over the years ever since 1932): Did Kreuger really commit suicide?

Experts have said that the financial crisis in his companies was actually over by 1932 and there was never any reason for him to take his life. And a few years ago three associates who were privy to the secret autopsy carried out on Kreuger's body swore that this showed suicide was impossible. And they say that after his death the revolver he used was found clamped in his hand. Although he was normally right-handed.

Reliability...

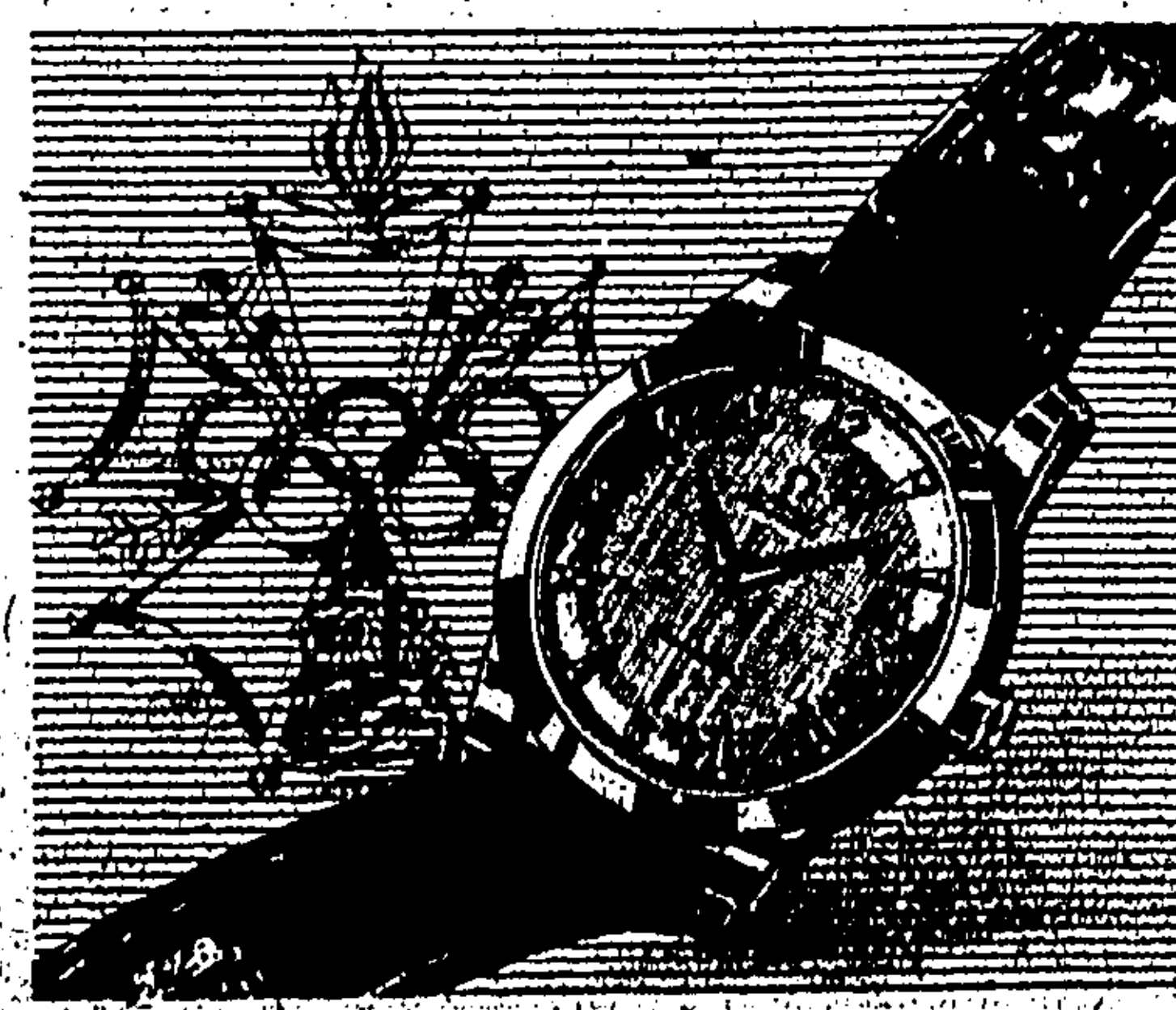
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OMEGA **NEOS**

A Fine Romance, My Friends, This Is!

The 'inside' on the engagement
of EDDIE & DEBBIE

By DAVID LEWIS



SMOOCHIE THE TYPE OF PICTURE THAT
BUILT UP THE ROMANCE—1.
and **SNAPPY**



THE TYPE OF PICTURE THAT BUILT UP THE ROMANCE—2. EDDIE AND DEBBIE
DANCE WITH TOP-DANCERS MARGE AND GOWER CHAMPION.

A FINE romance, my friends, this is—the love story of America's record singing star Eddie Fisher and film personality girl Debbie Reynolds.

Nine months' untiring efforts by Eddie and Debbie to prove they are Love's Young Dream now appear just fled.

For the other day 22-year-old Debbie Reynolds was in Hollywood saying mournfully: "The wedding date is unsettled—it was to have been June."

And 26-year-old Eddie Fisher was patrolling America with a song and a smile in the interests of a soft-drink company that he would be kept pretty busy until the end of the year.

In June...

SO what is it all about? In March Debbie and Eddie went to London—chaperoned by Debbie's mother, Mrs. Maxene Reynolds—just bursting with the joy of being engaged.

Miss Reynolds said to me then: "I have my mother along because it wouldn't be proper otherwise."

Mr. Fisher said: "We don't mind a long engagement, but June's the date." But when they returned to America from London the wedding date did not seem quite so certain.

Mr. Fisher seized the opportunity to launch his new record "Wedding Bells." Then his business advisers said there couldn't possibly be a wedding until his TV series was over.

New delay

THE TV series has now ended, but there is another delay. Mr. Fisher has gone off on his nationwide soft-drinks tour. Miss Reynolds went filming in Hollywood.

Then Mr. Fisher's advisers got to work again. Another snag to immediate marriage appeared. Eddie Fisher's fans (among them Princess Margaret) are nearly all teenage youngsters who have lately been buying his records. But the advisers feared that the teenager following might falter if Fisher became a married man.

After three months of on-off-on again romance, the Eddie and Debbie affair began to assume a slightly self-conscious air. Could their love story merely have been arranged to promote their separate careers?

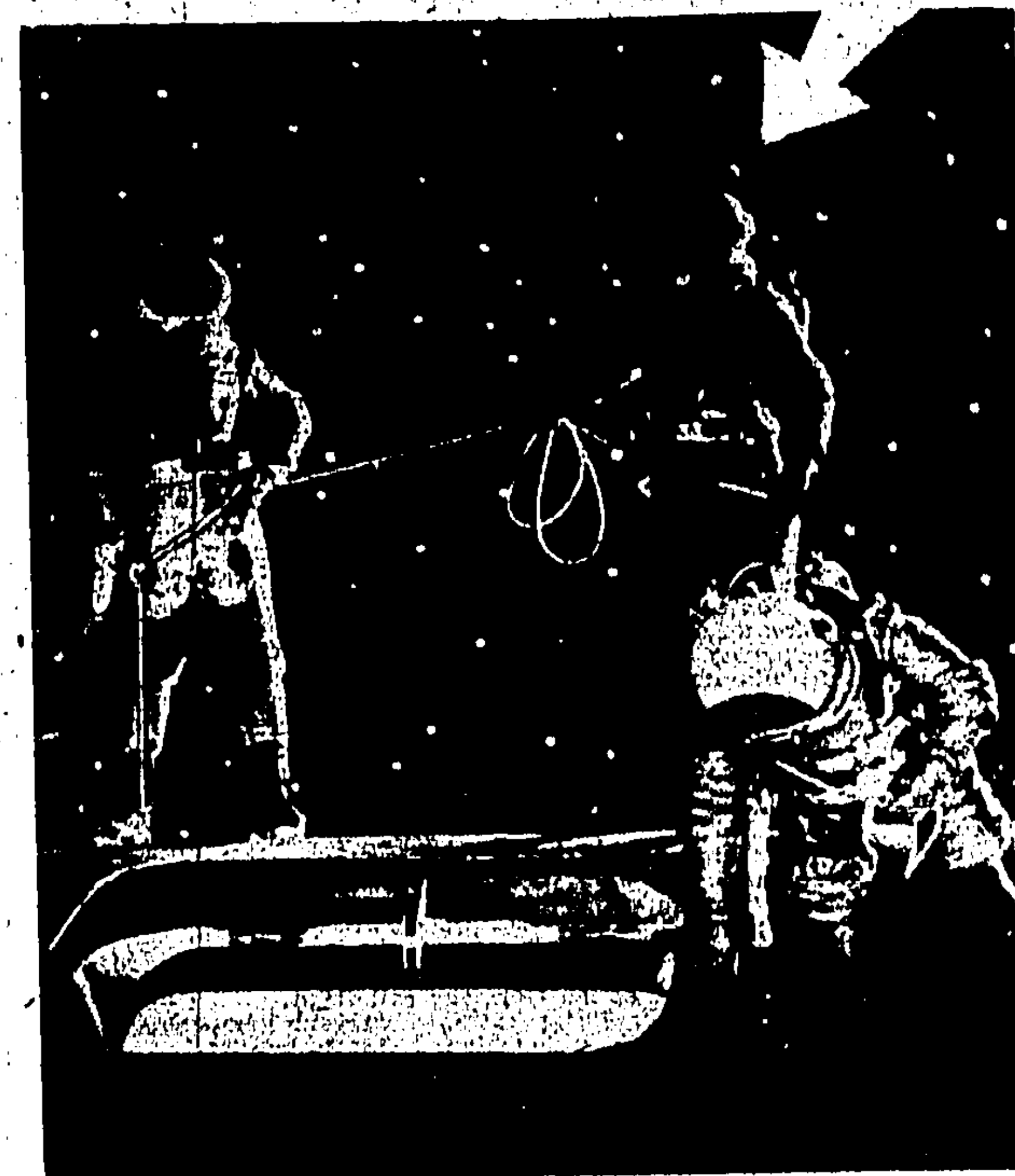
'We insist...'

I ASKED my Hollywood reporter to check. He called that Debbie's studio says: "The engagement break rumour is false here. We insist that Debbie and Eddie are still in love. When the couple have arranged the wedding the studio will announce it."

Note that word "insist." Debbie Reynolds is a determined young woman. She is now hoping for a date this month (August) for her walk to the altar.

I doubt if she will make it. But if she fails again she will have much to console her. In addition to all the fame she has reaped from the Eddie and Debbie romance she is still a girl scout. With 47 badges for good conduct and efficiency.

WILL MEN LIKE THESE RULE THE WORLD?



Today the film-makers' fantasy comes nearer to reality.

SENATOR Charles Potter, legless young victim of a last-war infantry battle, had the word for it.

Asked for a quick comment on the White House announcement that the U.S. was going to launch earth satellites, he said, "It certainly is a scary thing."

By my book "scary" is right. From the White House, of all the staid, sedate places, heavy and dull as it is with solid Victorianism, comes word of excursion into space. Science fiction becomes a science fact.

And in all the capitals of the world the question is asked: How long before someone from another country may be watching us from space?

Make no mistake about it. This object on the basketball scale which U.S. scientists

FROM WASHINGTON comes
an important despatch on
the news that has become
today's top talking point.

—by Group Captain—

HUGH DUNDAS, D.S.O., D.F.C.

And take careful note of the name of Dr. Werner von Braun, technical director of U.S. Army guided missiles. Before going to America at the end of the war this brilliant German scientist was a co-inventor of Hitler's V2—the weapon which came within an ace of obliterating London.

Men like Braun certainly have not been sending notes about their discoveries to the scientists of other nations.

Their instructions have been simple and scary. Get any manned satellite into space before the Reds do the same thing. For no one has any illusions about the fact that somewhere in Russia there is a defence installation to match the one in Alabama. And that there too the gurgling accents of German technicians who went far in mapping the road to space for Adolf Hitler are to be heard.

Just a start

A BASKETBALL whirling around 250 miles up may not sound too sinister. But listen to the experts. "We must learn to crawl in space before we can fly in space."

That's what they were saying on the White House lawn.

What do they mean? They mean that their experimental basketball is just a beginning. They mean that as soon as possible it will be followed by a larger, wheel-shaped satellite with a crew of men in its rim. What will these men be doing?

They will be looking at the earth from the most perfect observation post ever devised. With telescopic cameras operating in the ideal conditions of space they will be able to observe even a newly dug shelter in your back garden, let alone troop movements.

From this celestial gun-platform they will be ready—at a single order—from earth—to guide atomic missiles on to any

target in any country with devastating accuracy.

Of course, other men in the satellite will be occupied on more idealistic projects.

They will be measuring movements in the upper atmosphere which will enable us to enjoy weather forecasts for months ahead. They will be watching the moon and the stars from an observatory undreamed of by earth-bound astronomers who are muffled by layers of atmosphere.

Watching

AND they will eventually be assembling—from components sent up from earth—a rocket ship to circle round the moon itself.

But depend on one thing. The important men in that satellite which will hover above you twice a day will be the men watching you and the Russians—not the men watching the planets.

The Americans do not play at this kind of thing. With a combination of superb inventive genius and coldly practical business method they march forward confidently to pass the frontiers of science, just as their grandfathers marched across the terrifying frontiers of the West lands.

I am bound to say that I find President Eisenhower's Press Secretary, James Haggerty, a trifle naïve when he tells us that this is "a purely scientific experiment." The only connection the Defence Department has with it is supplying the rockets.

Well, of course, playing down the importance of the rockets in this business is rather like playing down the importance of the horse in winning the Derby. No horse, no Derby. No rockets, no space ships.

No secrets

IN the matter of space exploration motive power provides problem number one.

For all that, I do not intend to suggest that there is no sincerity at all in the way Presi-

dent Eisenhower has handled this affair. Quite the contrary.

He means it when he expresses gratification at the hope that these experiments will help all scientists everywhere.

But do not imagine that he is generously giving away any great science secrets.

As I see it, Eisenhower has made a shrewd move. His space explorers are almost ready to shoot off some of their basketball prototypes.

Could they be certain of doing so without scientists of other nations observing the progress of these new celestial objects, perhaps of picking up the messages they will transmit?

The risk

THEY could not imagine, then, the awful fear which would have swept the world if it became known that some nation or other had launched satellites into space. Imagine, for instance, the consternation in Moscow.

Is it not possible that the Russians—thinking that they had been tricked and lulled by soft words—might in desperation launch an attack with nuclear weapons?

Remember that the country which first truly conquers space will dominate the world in an absolute sense.

By giving fair notice of what is to be done, Eisenhower has given away no vital information. But he has been able to demonstrate once again before the world his desire to be friendly, to be unwelcome, to share.

Shrewd

THE timing of his announcement is clever. It is a shrewd follow-up to his performance in Geneva. It opens the way at least for a partnership rather than a competition between men at the start of a new era, which could be short and cataclysmic or could be everlasting and glorious.

But I find myself wondering how things are going in the space research station in Russia. As well as in Alabama?

And what is the spirit about sharing information so far as the Kremlin is concerned?

And how about Britain? Are our New Elizabethans preparing for their journeys of discovery? Might my son perhaps be a pioneer of outer space?

Plenty to think about, isn't there?

THE SIX-FOOT SCOT WHO BECAME A MOHAMMEDAN

FRENCH SECRET POLICE ARE SCARED OF HIM

FROM back-street Tangier cafes to remote Moroccan villages the word is going: "The British Major will be back."

And Major Ian Sykes Maclean, formerly of one of the famous kilted Scottish regiments, the Seaforth Highlanders, paces his room here in Britain, fuming at being deported from Tangier, and planning to return to help the Arab nationalists against the French.

Night and morning bearded, six-foot Maclean, a converted Moslem, spreads out his prayer mat, bows low towards Mecca and thanks Allah for twice delivering him from murder gangs in Morocco.

Petition To Queen

"After the British Foreign Office had refused to help me, I was only by petitioning the Queen that I got a visa to go to Tangier," he said, showing me the Foreign Office letter telling him of the Queen's intercession. "From the moment I landed I was shadowed. French secret police lurked outside my hotel. And twice when I was in the street, a powerful black Citroen

drove straight at me and I only just managed to jump clear.

"There is no doubt about it—they meant to kill me. Only the French extremists—the so-called anti-terrorists—could have been responsible.

"Why? Because I am working for the religious and political freedom of the Moroccan people."

How did this British officer come to be a Mohammedan? By a chance meeting with a Moslem professor.

Side By Side

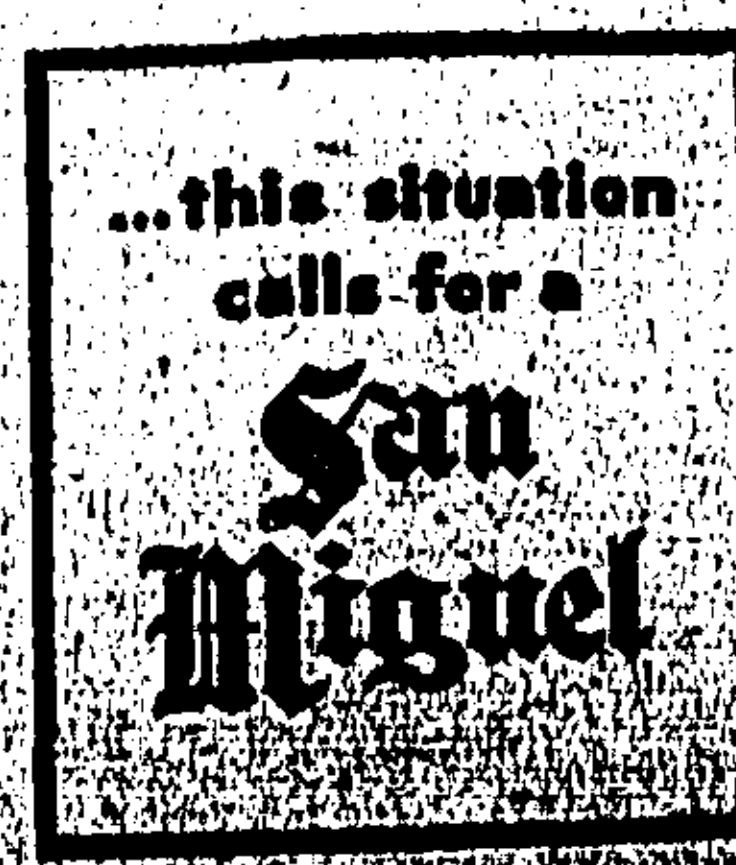
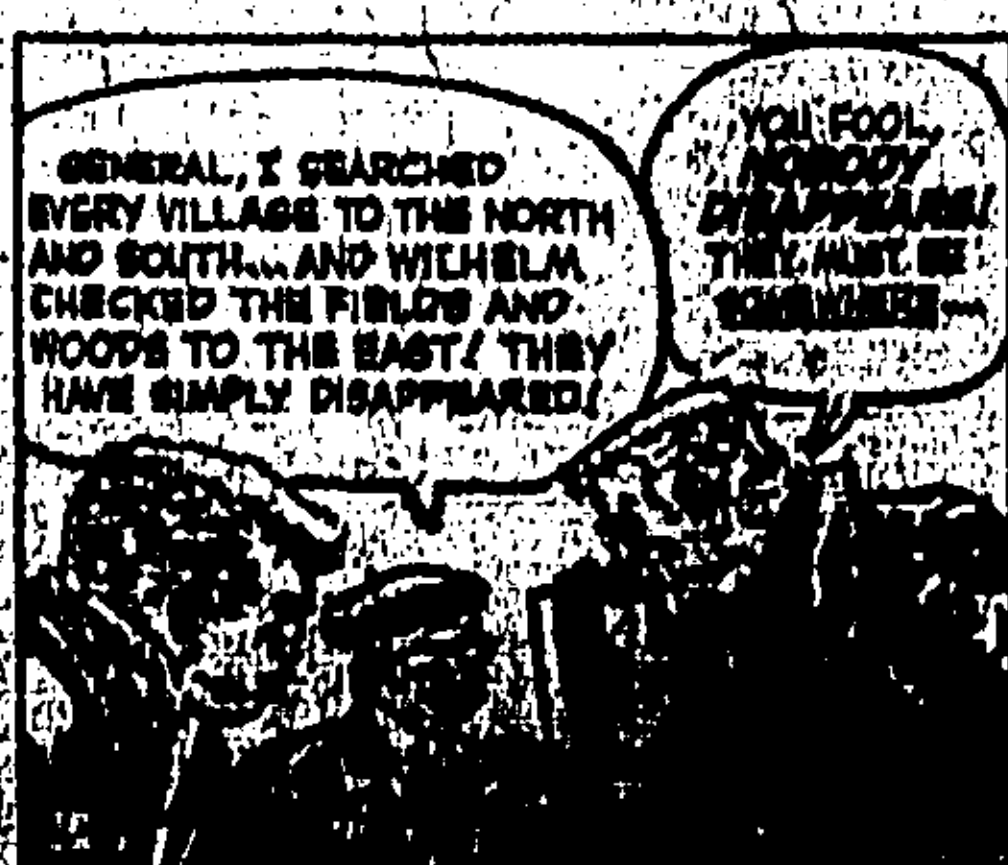
Invalided out of the Seaforth Highlanders at the end of the war, his health gone, he found in the Moslem faith which the professor discussed with him the answer to his troubles, which included a romance that had broken up.

"Now the French know I am prepared to fight by the side of my Moslem brothers," he says, "but what they really fear is the effect of a British major writing and talking in the cause of the Arabs."

"They may have got rid of me for the time—but I shall return. I cannot let my friends down. Perhaps I shall petition the Queen again. But this is certain—I do not fear the secret police. It is they who fear me."

JOHN RALPH

JOHNNY HAZARD



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MADE IN A. KILIAN & CO. LTD. GERMANY

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Don't be too depressed by the Dior news...curves may be out by day...but...but

Ah, But At Night Just Watch The Flounces!

Robb JUST BACK FROM HIS TOUR OF EUROPE'S FASHION CENTRES TO SUM UP THE BIG CLASH OF IDEAS

DON'T be too depressed by the Dior fashion news. True there is the slim Y-line... true the decree is "straighter and flatter," but remember that the fight for your fashion fancy is always a struggle between Dior and The Rest.

And what have The Rest been up to? I am just back from ITALY with a portfolio of drawings and my story from there is that by day you may go narrow and flat but by night nothing can be too glamorous.

If you are the feminine type... you can go on being feminine. A small-waisted beauty can go on being small-waisted — and beautiful.

You can see how things are going by a glance at my drawings straight from the Italian fashion centres.

For evenings, small stiffened bodices stand away from the natural bust line.

Short wide skirts of two or three tiers of folds and flounces put the accent on youth.

The young look goes into the choice of materials and embroidery. Different colours blend—or clash—in each dress. Black is teamed with orange, blue with green, pink with red.

Different materials are teamed too. Velvet goes with taffeta, satin with chiffon. The one material, one colour dress is out in Italy, except for the more sophisticated.

These are very much in the grand manner—stiff bell crinolines to the floor or tight figure-gripping "robes-de-style" with enormous puffed-out trains.

But the accent is on youth, and this will be the dancing year.

In the daytime the long line is predominant. This is a natural development of the

H-line, cleverly avoided by Dior but taken up by the rest. Jackets and coats are straight, narrow tunics, with the stroke of the H moved up. High buckles and drapes exaggerate the long look from bust to hem.

Skirts are narrower than the coat hem and under the shorter (but still long) jacket they are sometimes tiered. Colours are dull, all the greys to black but no blues; and no colour contrasts.

It will be a dull outlook by day this winter!



THE TUNIC FOR EVENING

IN VELVET. It is belted and buckled across the bust to emphasise the long line.

BY DAY IT'S TUNICS AND TIERS ALL THE WAY...



THE day coat on the left has a long narrow tunic fastening with three buttons at a collarless neck. The straight skirt is two inches longer than the coat.

The three-tier suit on the right is in black wool. The fastening of the tunic jacket is concealed below a narrow wide panel. The straight skirt is in two tiers with the tunic panel continuing to the hem.



DOUBLE-TAKE—THE YOUNG IDEA — AND THE GRAND MANNER



IF YOU ARE YOUNG you will look good in the soft silk-and-taffeta creation on the left. The stiffened bodice stands away from the natural bust and emphasises the glory of the skirt. And colours! The three tiers of the skirt are in two blues and pale lilac, over a petticoat of pale lemon. The petticoat's fullness goes to each side, making the dress very wide. IF YOU CAN USE THE GRAND MANNER you will look grander in the rich lame brocade dress on the right. It is designed to hug your figure, but the enormous puffed train conceals a slit at the back of the skirt which allows you to move freely.

London Collections Spring A Surprise!

By Dorothy Barkley

AT first sight it seemed as if the new collections shown by London's Top Twelve designers had nothing in common. They offered a variety of lines pegged with a variety of names. Here the high-waisted empire line, there the chrysalis line, elsewhere a reminder of the low-waisted long torso line.

But, at second sight all these lines boiled down to the same thing. Though the waist may have been high, low or in its natural position, the line was long, slim and sheath-like.

With accessories, too, there was just as much variety, and the greatest surprise of the collections was the comeback of the crazy hat.

Patterson launched the flying saucer hat, two large flat circles of velvet sandwiched together and filled with chiffon. Rudolph, Digby Morton's milliner, showed the stovepipe hat, a cone of felt rising to a high point for the girl who wants to add inches to her height, and the cavalier hat, a novelty in tortoise-shell felt shaped into a cloche and strewn with jet beads.

ANOTHER COMEBACK

Another surprise was the return of the seven-eighths length coat. Nearly all designers showed it, though it varied from the everyday version in tweed at Hartnell's to the evening version in beige lace at Digby Morton's.

For the wary, who avoid innovations, the classic suit still ran through all collections.

Norman Hartnell built his collection round a line featuring a moulded bustline, naturally fitted torso, and a skirtline which clung round the hips and then flared to the hemline.

For day his favourite colour was green—mint, sage and hip-line to make a smooth-

bottle green. For evening he liked black highlighted with sapphire embroidery.

"The world may tease me about my sequins," he admitted. But that only encouraged him to use them all the more. This time he had pink sequins covering bodices, and corsets and magenta sequins decorating a motoring wrap for evening.

With this collection, Hartnell showed the new costume jewellery which he has designed for sale throughout this country and for Australia and South Africa.

THE STEP LINE

Moving on from embroidery design to jewellery is a natural development. His most unusual design was a long string of rhinestones which crossed over the bodice of a black velvet dress and wound round the arms.

Victor Sibel showed an interesting collection, introducing what he calls "bas relief" clothes. These, like medieval murals, are 2½ dimensional—straight and flat at the back, moulded in the front. He showed it in dresses and jackets.

Ronald Patterson unveiled what he called the Step Line. This was interpreted by a putting-out step above the waistline in front and below the waistline at the back. But this was only a trimming to the basic line itself which was trim and figure-fitting.

Colours were the chief novelty here, with "baby blue" the winner, and a dramatic combination like almond green with purple a runner-up.

Most original fabric idea was his use of south-west African Persian lamb. He dyed it green and made it into a slim suit edged with matching knitted braid.

Hardy Amies took the jumper line as the theme to his collection and showed it on evening as well as day dresses. Skirt and bodice were joined at the hip-line to make a smooth-



The "cavalier" hat is in tortoise-shell felt shaped into a cloche and strewn with jet beads. By Rudolph.

fitting one-piece dress. One was in black satin with a fitted top and box pleated skirt, another in bright blue lace re-embroidered with plastic gold thread.

Digby Morton showed a "chrysalis" silhouette for day. Straight and wrapped, it narrowed at shoulder and knee. This, as he explained, became the butterfly line for evening, with voluminous, spreading skirts on ball dresses.

Certain to be a winner with American women were his thick button-through sweaters, boldly designed in coarse unbleached wool. The designs come from Ireland and are of the traditional style knitted for the Aran fishermen. Digby Morton spotted them on a recent trip. He lined them with paisley patterned wool, teamed them with a paisley blouse and tweed skirt.



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PRESENTATION of Long Service and Good Conduct Medals at the 33 General Hospital on Thursday by Brigadier L. N. Cholmeley, Commander, Hongkong and Kowloon Garrison. Having the medal pinned to his breast is WO1 C. Y. Lawton. (Staff Photographer)



DR J. E. Lancaster, poultry disease specialist of the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organisation, arrived in the Colony this week to help Hongkong with this problem. He is seen with Mrs Lancaster on their arrival at Kai Tak. (Staff Photographer)



MR C. G. M. Morrison, Acting Social Welfare Officer, speaking at the inaugural ceremony of the fourth session of executive officers of the Apichau Kalfong's Welfare Association last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Members of the Gremlins hockey team at tea at Cafe Wiseman on Thursday. They met to discuss activities during the coming hockey season. (Staff Photographer)



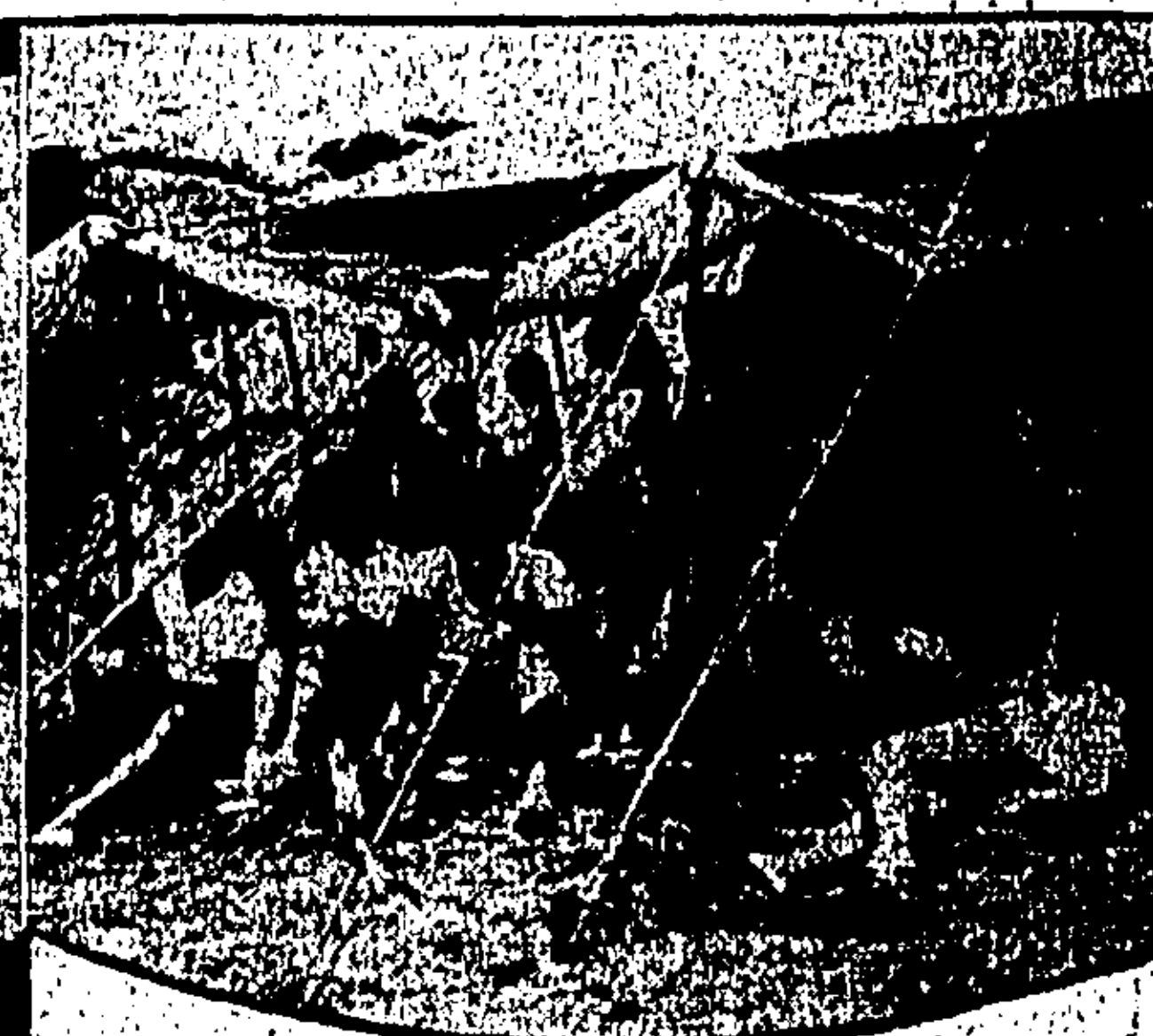
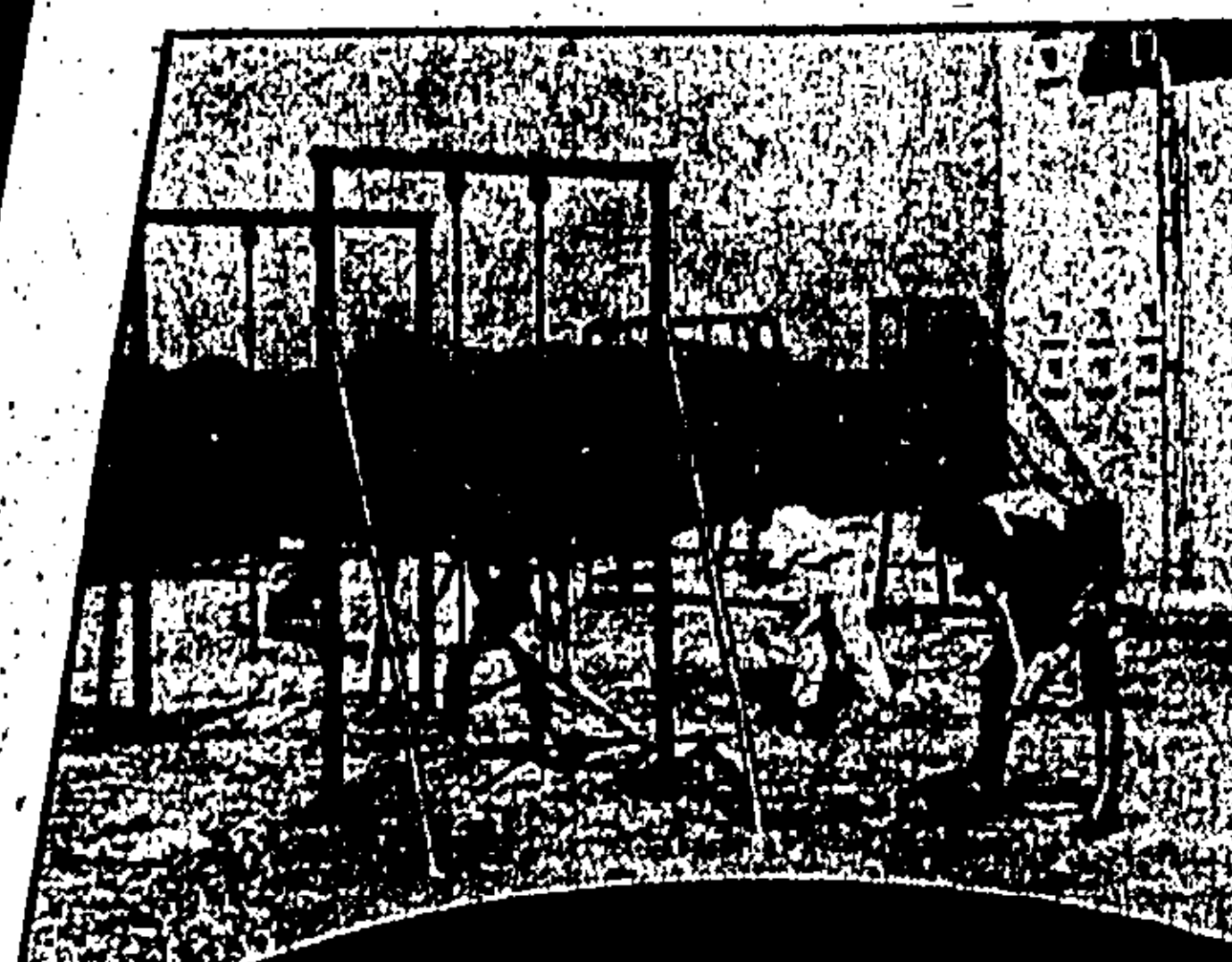
THE discovery in Kowloon of an ancient Chinese tomb of about 15 centuries old, whose contents suggest it was that of a gentleman of culture, gave a new impetus to the search for the remains of the famous Chinese scholar, Confucius. The discovery was made by a team of workers from the Chinese University of Hong Kong, led by Prof. F. L. Drake, (right) of the Hong Kong University, and Mr. L. Wang and L. Chow (left), Chinese and Chinese workers, (Staff Photographer)



AT the Hongkong Electric Recreation Club, Mrs R. W. Smith, wife of the Club Chairman, presents first prize to Mr J. Collins for winning the motor car treasure hunt held last Saturday.



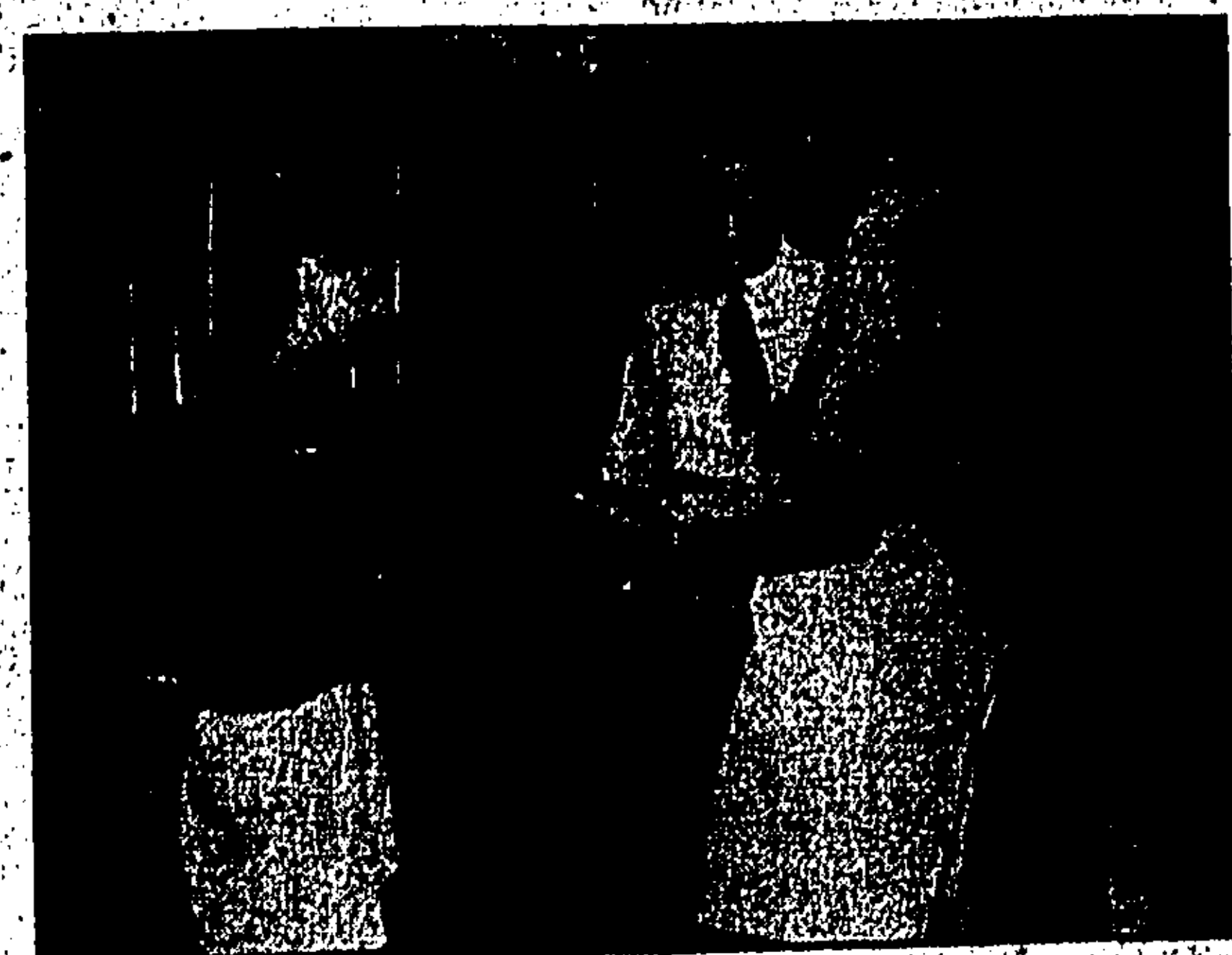
COMMODORE A. H. Thorold (left), who left Hongkong last Saturday after completing his tour of duty here, saying goodbye to Brig. R. H. Bellamy, Deputy Commander, Land Forces, at Queen's Pier. (Staff Photographer)



A number of young men and women from Hongkong and other countries in the Far East are spending a few weeks under canvas at Shek Long, Lantau Island, where they are participating in the International Work Camp organised by the Society of Friends (Quakers). They are helping to build a playground for the physically disabled. Pictures show them at work, taking a meal and entertaining themselves in their spare time. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: L/Cpl Valentino, captain of the Chief Engineer Branch team, receiving the trophy from Lt-Gon. Sir Cecil Sugden, Commander, British Forces, after winning the Services six-a-side hockey knockout tournament. (Staff Photographer)



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GERMANS
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THE PHILCO



THE Hongkong Teachers' Association is 21 years old. Members celebrated the event at a special gathering at the Pui Ching Middle School. With the Hon. D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education (third from left) are some of the officials. (Mainland)



AT the annual speech day of Munsang College, Miss Li Chiu-chun receives a prize from Mrs F. I. Tseung. (Staff Photographer)

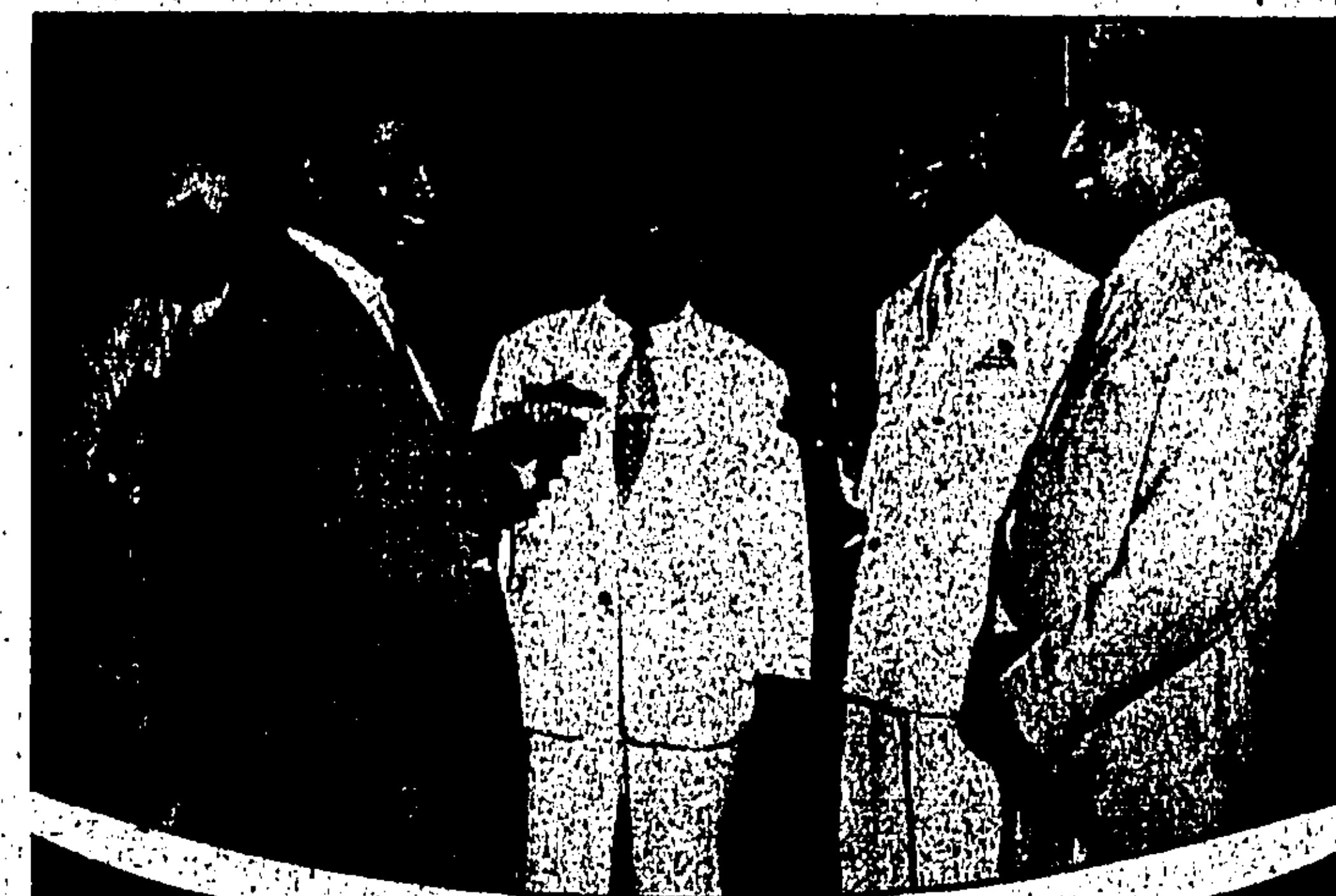


THE Rev. George Sho (third from left), the new Headmaster of the Diocesan Boys' School, was welcomed by old boys at a dinner party last week. Second from right is Mr B. Pasco, President of the Diocesan School Old Boys' Association. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr B. P. Adarkar, Commissioner for India (left), seen with Messrs F. T. Malwani, B. Ditta and I. Lokumal at the dinner given in his honour by the Nav Bharat Club. (Staff Photographer)



LADY GRANTHAM, who opened the new clubhouse of the Ladies' Recreation Club, is presented with a memento by the President, Mrs D. L. Prophet. Right: Members and friends at the cocktail party which followed the opening ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



MR L. P. Kwok (left), five times President of the Chinese Ref-

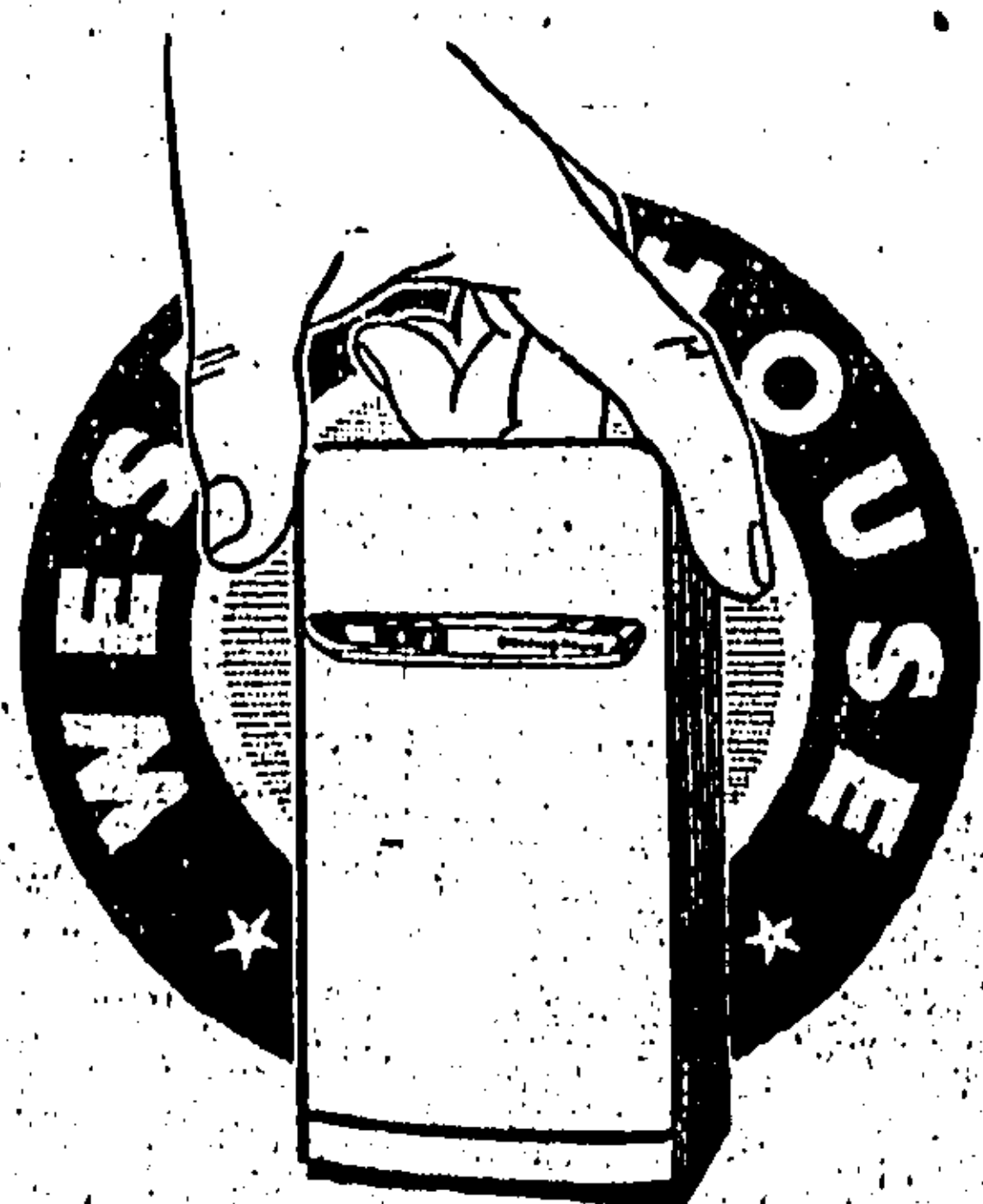
erees' Association, was presented with a shield at a dinner held at the Ying King Restaurant last Saturday. Seen with Mr Kwok are Messrs Kwok Po-kun, P. T. Leung and C. S. Wang. (Staff Photographer)



CHRISTENING at the Union Church of Iain Scott, infant son of Mr and Mrs J. M. Allan. (Ming Yuen)

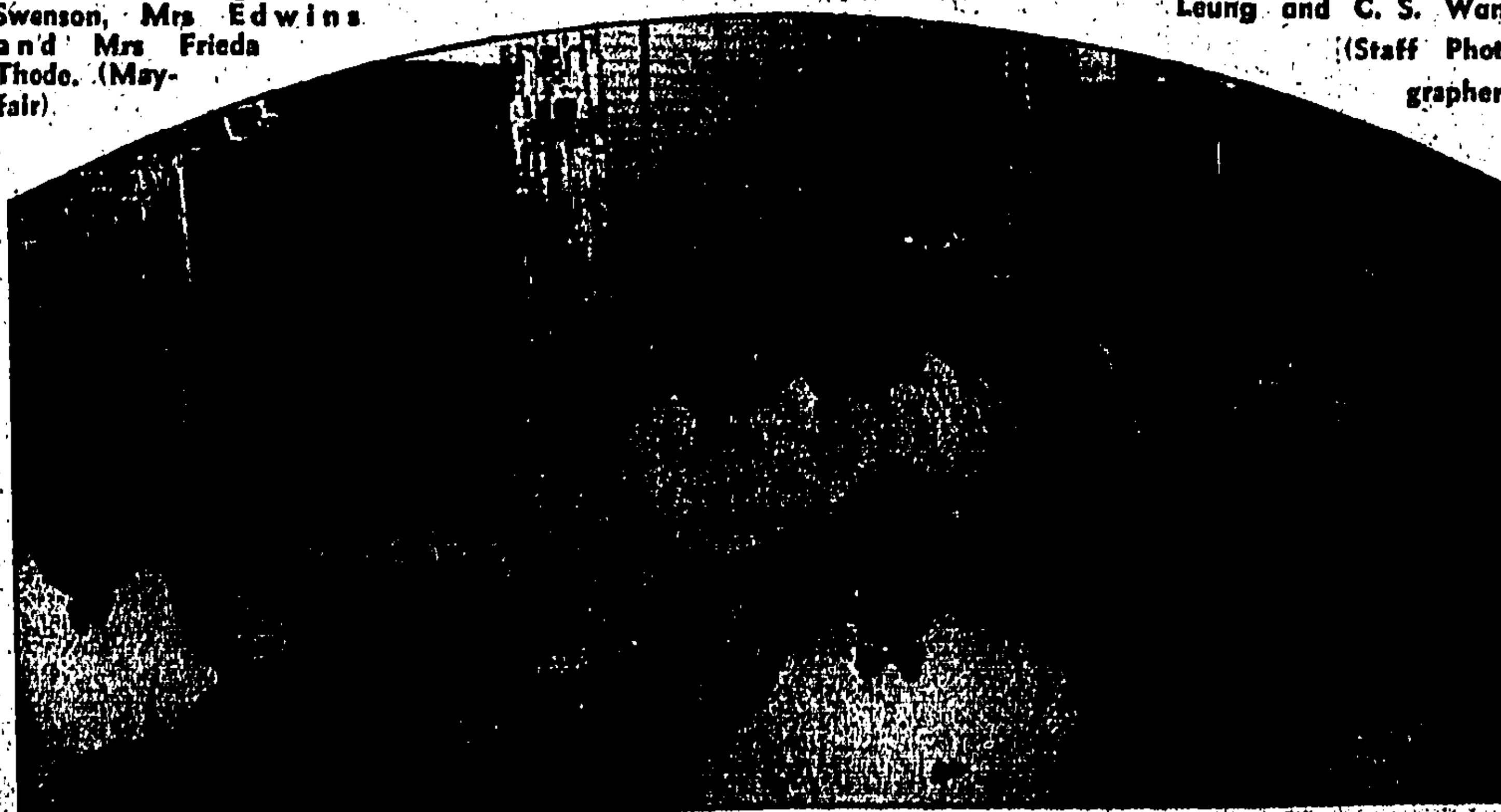
AT the Peninsula Hotel tea party given by Mr David C. Edwins in honour of his mother, Mrs A. W. Edwins, a pioneer China missionary now in Hongkong for the 50th anniversary of the Augustana Mission. Left to right: Mrs Victor Swenson, Mrs Edwins and Mrs Frieda Thode. (Mayfair)

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ON Wednesday evening, the Hon. E. B. David, Colonial Secretary, was entertained to dinner at the Golden Dragon Restaurant by the Directors of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals. Mr David is seated fifth from left at the official table. On his left is Mr K. C. Fung, Chairman. (Staff Photographer)

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Balenciaga—The Picasso Of Dressmakers

By Dudley Birks

FIFTY years ago a Spanish peasant boy was scolded by his father for practising the girlish art of sewing. Captain of a pleasure boat whose port was a small fishing village on the Basque coast, the irate father could not understand his son's indifference to swimming, fishing and other activities enjoyed by local children. This intense love of sewing, which his mother encouraged doubtless with great misgivings on the part of her husband—yielded rich rewards as the years went by. So much so that, by the age of 30, the former peasant boy was a star in the firmament of Paris couture. Today, many acclaim him as the world's greatest dress-maker. True or not, Balenciaga's genius has undeniably enhanced the prestige of Paris as the cradle of fashion. One writer has described Christian Dior as "the Watteau of dress-making—full of nuances, chic, delicate and timely" and Balenciaga as fashion's Picasso. He does to because "like that painter, underneath all his experiments with the modern, Balenciaga has a deep respect for tradition and a pure classic line."

FAIRY GODMOTHER

Thirty-two years of hard, undaunted struggle formed the prelude to Balenciaga's success. His story reads like the pages of a fairy tale, and Balenciaga can truly say that without the aid of a fairy godmother he might not have gained world-wide eminence. The lady with the magic wand was an elderly Spanish Marquessa—the fishing community's sole symbol of elegance in the outside world. Balenciaga admired the former great beauty at Mass on Sundays or for brief moments as she drove by in the grandeur of her horse-drawn carriage. To the dreamy boy she epitomised grace and elegance. He was so enraptured with her dress that he expressed his praise aloud as she descended the old church steps one Sunday. Turning, she saw the boy's unbridled admiration as he looked at her fine white suit, a creation of Drecoll. The Marquessa paused and met the gaze of the boy whose re-

marks seemed oddly out of keeping with his rough clothes. Her curiosity roused, she questioned him and soon discovered the boy's love of sewing. Although his speech was poor and untutored the Marquessa sensed a hidden talent. The outcome of this brief encounter was an offer which fulfilled more than the boy's most ambitious thoughts. The Marquessa decided to let him copy her Drecoll suit and supplied him with a bolt of fabric. One can imagine the nervous joy with which he received the news, which, to him, was both startling and exciting.

PARIS VISIT

Young, nimble fingers worked at the material for some days, terrified lest one slip would ruin the luxurious cloth. Although the finished copy was not what Balenciaga would not have been an unforgettable tribute the Marquessa wore his suit in public and, moreover, showed that she was delighted to do so.

This episode was the beginning of a career which was not to flourish for many years. Its significance is that it gave Balenciaga—and his parents—confidence in his abilities. To this extent he was allowed to visit Paris the following year. There he spent several days seeing the collections of the great couturiers of the day—Doucet, Worth, and of course, Drecoll. These he watched with the critical eye of a connoisseur.

Balenciaga loved Paris but his modest resources soon dwindled. Soon he was on his way home again, confident that one day he would return to occupy a glittering salon. That day, however, was somewhat distant. The tall, dark-haired couturier of today—a man with the typically curved nose of the Spaniard and the lined brow of a profound thinker—was to travel a tortuous and difficult road as an insignificant dressmaker before he was to be crowned king of contemporary fashion.

FIRST SALON

Balenciaga set up his first dressmaking establishment in San Sebastian. His financial resources were extremely meagre; his selection of materials was even less. But these were not

the only handicaps. From the start Balenciaga had to struggle against lack of background and education.

In every respect Balenciaga is a self-made man, and unlike many who have gained fame by their own industry, he never seeks self-aggrandisement. Indeed, he shuns personal publicity. He is reluctant to pose for photographers. He is even more opposed to supplying photographs to those who write on fashion. Success on merit alone has been his constant stimulant. Over the years patient endeavour earned its reward. In 1936 he bought a shop in Paris for £10,000. He was then almost forty years old—still young, but not quite young enough to enjoy the full, heady wine of success as could a young man. But success it was, for his presence in Paris was soon felt.

Today Balenciaga, now in his fifty-eighth year, is a man of quiet, sober-hued dress who cares little for fashion trends. He wears a slightly sardonic but kindly expression—some have called it bird-like—yet behind it lies the self-tutored brain of the peasant boy.

Balenciaga is neither the leader of a fashion clique nor does he attach himself to one. Instead, he stands apart, resolutely declining to commercialise either himself or his talent. He has established his domain and he has no desire to extend its frontiers.

ELEGANCE, SOLIDITY

His work has been described as having "the refinement of France and the strength of Spain." His dresses have elegance and solidity like their maker, they mingle with kings and keep the common touch.

Most couture houses create models from carefully prepared sketches. Balenciaga, however, is no slave to this practice. Quite often he dispenses entirely with drawings, handling fabrics like a sculptor working in marble.

He is, in fact, still the practical dressmaker of San Sebastian. Yet he possesses a genius for the unusual—the development of years of practical work coupled with an outlook which is applied with a little of the influence of traditional Spanish styles.

Compared with other couturiers, Balenciaga's models set no marked change each season. Perhaps it is because he is more far-seeing, for his styles are frequently years ahead of current fashion. Indeed, it has been said that his "black woolen costumes, ceremonial sheaths of Byzantine embroidery and extravaganzas of jet, should be enshrined side by side with the peasant clothes, the sacrificial vestments and ceremonial robes of the found in our national museums, for they form a part of contemporary fashion history."

Balenciaga asserts a bold talent in all his creations, and his taste is never questioned. Attractive, yet not the women who visit his luxurious salon have unflinching faith in Balenciaga's edicts. All are fully confident that they are dressed in the best of taste.

This dour Spaniard claims that women must be naturally smart if they are to have his clothes. Full advantage. He also believes that elegance is inseparable from patronage with one dressmaker—a designer who can dissociate himself from trends and fashion furies. Even so, he is aware that couturiers cannot ignore what times dictate, but he reserves the right to say that to be well dressed a woman does not have to vary her clothing often. This attitude to fashion has set Balenciaga apart as the leader of those who create rather than revise styles of feminine dress.

Balenciaga's creations would indeed be the pride of the aged Spanish Marquessa if she were alive today, for the little peasant boy has, through his own efforts, become the Titan of modern couture.

Knit While You Relax

N.B.: For the 36 inch chest read the instructions as given. For the 40 inch chest read the figures within the brackets. Materials: 8 (9) ozs. Sirdar Crochet Wool, 1 Pair No. 9 Knitting Needles, 6 Buttons. Measurements: Width all round at underarm—36 (40) inches. Length from top of shoulder—23 (27) inches. Tension: 8½ sts. to one inch (pressed and unpressed). Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts, stitches; tog, together; sl, 1 slip one stitch knifeways; t, b, 1, through back of loops; w, fwd, wool forward; w, r, wool round neck; w, o, n, wool over needle; p, r, o, pass the slipped st. over.

The Back

Cast on 125 (137) sts. 1st row: Sl. 1, knit to end of row. Repeat the 1st row 6 times. 8th row: Sl. 1, k. 3 (1), x increase once in the next st. (3) repeat from x to the last 5 (3) sts, increase once in the next st. k. 4 (2), 155 (171) sts. Proceed as follows for both sizes— 1st row: Sl. 1, x p. 1, (k. 1, p. 2) twice, k. 1, repeat from x to the last 2 sts, p. 1, k. 1. 2nd row: Sl. 1, k. 1, x p. 1, repeat from x to the last 2 sts, k. 1. Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows once. 5th row: Sl. 1, x k. 1, w. fwd., sl. 1, k. 1, p. s. o., p. 1, k. 1, p. 2 tog, w. fwd., repeat from x to the last 2 sts, k. 2. 6th row: Sl. 1, p. 1, x k. 1, t. b. 1, p. 1, repeat from x to the last st, k. 1. 7th row: Sl. 1, x k. 1, w. o. n., sl. 1, k. 1, p. s. o., k. 1, k. 2 tog, w. r. n., p. 1, repeat from x to the last 2 sts, k. 2. 8th row: Sl. 1, x k. 1, t. b. 1, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from x to the last st, k. 1. 9th row: Sl. 1, x k. 1, p. 2, w. o. n., sl. 1, k. 2 tog, p. s. o., w. r. n., p. 2 repeat from x to the last 2 sts, k. 2. 10th row: Sl. 1, p. 1, t. b. 1, p. 1, repeat from x to the last st, k. 1. 11th row: Sl. 1, x k. 1, p. 2, k. 1, p. 1, k. 2, repeat from x to the last 2 sts, k. 2. 12th row: Sl. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from x to the last 2 sts, p. 1. Repeat the 11th and 12th rows once. 15th row: Sl. 1, x k. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog, w. fwd., k. 1, w. fwd., sl. 1, k. 1, p. s. o., p. 1, repeat from x to the last 2 sts, k. 2. 16th row: Sl. 1, p. 1, x k. 1, (p. 1, k. 1, t. b. 1) twice, p. 1, repeat from x to the last st, k. 1. 17th row: Sl. 1, x k. 1, k. 2 tog, w. r. n., p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, w. o. n., sl. 1, k. 1, p. s. o., repeat from x to the last 2 sts, k. 2. 18th row: Sl. 1, p. 1, k. 1, t. b. 1, p. 1, repeat from x to the last st, k. 1. 19th row: Sl. 1, k. 2 tog, w. r. n., p. 2, w. o. n., sl. 1, k. 2 tog, p. s. o., repeat from x to the last 2 sts, k. 2. These 20 rows form the pattern and front border. Repeat from the 1st to the 20th row (inclusive) 4 times then from the 1st to the 11th row (inclusive) once.

Shape The Armholes

1st row: Cast off 16 (24) sts. in pattern, x k. 1, p. 2, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 2, repeat from x to the last 2 sts, k. 2. 2nd row: Cast off 16 (24) sts. in pattern, x p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 2, repeat from x to the last 2 sts, p. 1, k. 1. 125 (137) sts. Proceed as follows for both sizes— Keeping the continuity of the pattern decrease once at each end of the next 12 rows (99 sts.)

Shape The Shoulder

Cast off 9 sts. in pattern at the beginning of the next and

Repeat from the 15th to the 20th row (inclusive) once then from the 1st to the 20th row (inclusive) 4 times.

Shape The Shoulders

Cast off 9 sts. in pattern at the beginning of each of the next 6 rows. Cast off the remaining 45 sts. in pattern.

The Right Front

Cast on 67 (73) sts. 1st row: Sl. 1, knit to end of row. Repeat the 1st row 6 times.

8th row: Sl. 1, k. 7, x increase once in the next st. k. 2, repeat from x to the last 17 sts, increase once in the next st. k. 16. 82 (90) sts. Proceed as follows for both sizes—

1st row: Sl. 1, k. 7, x p. 1, (k. 1, p. 2) twice, k. 1, repeat from x to the last 2 sts, p. 1, k. 1. 2nd row: Sl. 1, k. 1, x p. 1, (k. 1, p. 2) twice, k. 1, repeat from x to the last 8 sts, k. 8. Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows once. 5th row: Sl. 1, k. 7, x k. 1, w. fwd., sl. 1, k. 1, p. s. o., p. 1, k. 1, p. 2 tog, w. fwd., repeat from x to the last 2 sts, k. 2. 6th row: Sl. 1, p. 1, x k. 1, t. b. 1, p. 1, repeat from x to the last st, k. 1. 7th row: Sl. 1, k. 7, x k. 1, p. 1, w. o. n., sl. 1, k. 1, p. s. o., k. 1, k. 2 tog, w. r. n., p. 1, repeat from x to the last 2 sts, k. 2. 8th row: Sl. 1, p. 1, x k. 1, t. b. 1, p. 1, repeat from x to the last st, k. 1. 9th row: Sl. 1, k. 7, x k. 1, w. o. n., sl. 1, k. 2 tog, p. s. o., w. r. n., p. 2 repeat from x to the last 2 sts, k. 2. 10th row: Sl. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from x to the last 2 sts, p. 1, k. 1. 11th row: Sl. 1, x k. 1, p. 2, k. 1, p. 1, k. 2, repeat from x to the last 2 sts, k. 2. 12th row: Sl. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from x to the last 2 sts, p. 1, k. 1. Repeat the 11th and 12th rows once. 15th row: Sl. 1, k. 7, x k. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog, w. fwd., k. 1, w. fwd., sl. 1, k. 1, p. s. o., p. 1, repeat from x to the last 2 sts, k. 2. 16th row: Sl. 1, p. 1, x k. 1, (p. 1, k. 1, t. b. 1) twice, p. 1, repeat from x to the last st, k. 1. 17th row: Sl. 1, x k. 1, k. 2 tog, w. r. n., p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, w. o. n., sl. 1, k. 1, p. s. o., repeat from x to the last 2 sts, k. 2. 18th row: Sl. 1, p. 1, k. 1, t. b. 1, p. 1, repeat from x to the last st, k. 1. 19th row: Sl. 1, k. 2 tog, w. r. n., p. 2, w. o. n., sl. 1, k. 2 tog, p. s. o., repeat from x to the last 2 sts, k. 2. These 20 rows form the pattern and front border. Repeat from the 1st to the 20th row (inclusive) 4 times then from the 1st to the 11th row (inclusive) once.

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A NEW SERIES: "GOVERNORS AND GOVERNORSHIP"

THE TASK OF A GOVERNOR

By HAROLD INGRAMS

THE title of these articles was inspired by three remarkable lectures given by Lord Wavell in 1939 under the title "Generals and Governorship." They describe many qualities as necessary for Governors and a number of attributes of good Generalship equally required in Governorship.

In the case of Generals these have remained basically the same, for their task has always been to win battles. The task of Governors and the concept of Governorship has changed.

Most of us know what Generals are for: few understand the job of a Colonial Governor. The British take little interest in Colonies and so know little about Governors.

The subject has been little studied, though retiring Governors have often produced their autobiographies. (In more quiet days these were in at least two volumes, but one has now to suffice.) In the absence of public interest it is not surprising that the art—or craft—of Governorship has been much less discussed than other trades.

Nowadays, usually unhappily, Colonies and their Governors even find mention in the popular press, so the subject has some interest—importance, it has always had.

The Office

I have served under, or known on their own ground and had official dealings with, 43 Governors or Acting Governors in the course of the last 35 years, and I have served with at least another dozen men who have become Governors.

In addition I have known, mostly on their own ground, perhaps a dozen Governors of other European nationalities. I have even acted as a Governor myself. In the absence of much other authority I shall have to draw on these experiences in discussing the subject.

Let me first deal with the nature of the Governor's office. This has not been constant throughout Colonial history. Yet history has left its mark on it and has caused some great difficulties.

The revolt of the American colonies greatly affected the evolution of the Governor's office in the Crown Colonies. In those days the Crown insisted that the Royal instructions were binding on the people and the Assemblies no less than on the Governor; this broke down when Colonial Legislatures refused to be bound without their consent.

In modern times there have been three forces in the government of Colonies, the Secretary of State, the Governor and the local Legislative Assembly. On the whole where any two have agreed they have prevailed, but Parliament, always jealous of the Constitutional position, has been reluctant to relinquish the principle that the Secretary of State is responsible to it for all the acts of a Colonial Government.

While Colonies have never been governed from Whitehall, the crises of late years and controversy over the tempo of advance towards self-government have caused Parliament to take a closer interest in them.

Formerly a Secretary of State had little difficulty in defending a course of action he had agreed with the Governor, but advancing self-government has, in practice, changed the constitutional position. Parliament can now hardly hope to hold the Secretary of State responsible for the actions of, say, the Gold Coast Government.

Governors-General have now formally become personal representatives of the Sovereign, with no more than a constitutional mercantile functions, but there is still much in the character of the Colonial Governor's office which recalls the "personal monarchy" of Tudor days.

Irresponsible

The kind of Governor I have mostly known has been at once King, Prime Minister and Speaker of a Legislature. He has had a cabinet of officials advising him but subject to his orders. The Legislature has had a Government benching equally at his beck and at opposition (it almost always becomes an opposition) of un-officials.

I have seen in Mauritius, for example, the intense frustration of the un-officials. Without experience of the sensations of responsibility, they were often irresponsible, and dreamed of a constitution where the Governor was their own man, subject to them and not to distant Whitehall, with his officials no longer imported but home-grown. The Legislature they would picture as all un-officials and controlling the power which had hitherto controlled them.

Historically the principal rebel colonial constitution of this kind is that of the United States. The American colonists turning the Governor into a president, stripped him of his regal attributes (I have some reason for believing that other colonials have an equal dislike for British official uniforms) and, though leaving him as Prime Minister, turned him out of parliament. They then controlled him and his cabinet of advisors to the furthest degree possible without bringing government to a full stop.

Three Roles

Until nationalism attacks a colony a Governor can largely combine and perform his three roles with dignity and effectiveness. As King he is above politics, as Prime Minister he is right in the political arena and as Speaker of the legislature he is an impartial chairman. So long as un-official members are nominated and in a minority, he has very little difficulty.

Once, however, strong political feeling grows, the dignity of the King's representative is forgotten, the impartiality of the Speaker is threatened and all that is left is a political opponent.

This period is now largely past. Speakers and prime ministers spring up everywhere and the Governor is left in

theory as the Queen's representative. In fact it is not so simple, for in the shadow world between the end of the classic crown colony type government and the attainment of full self-government, he is much more than Queen's representative. Armed with little more than a never—or hardly ever—exercised "reserved power," his personality becomes the most important single factor in determining whether the ship will be steered safely to self-government or hit the rocks of revolution in some form or other.

Ultimate Right

In circumstances like these Excellency avails little but excellence in all other qualities counts for everything. There is today only one Governor in exactly that position, and it is extraordinarily fortunate for both countries that Sir Charles Arden Clarke is Governor of the Gold Coast today.

In the stage prior to the one which the Gold Coast has now reached the Governor has to fulfil three tasks if British Colonial policy, as so often defined, is to reach smooth achievement.

He must be a constitutional monarch to a government practising full responsibility for subjects within its purview; he must see that the democratic habit of a society, practising common citizenship is developed; and he must exercise sufficient reserved power to prevent abuses in the first field until the second task is sufficiently accomplished to make reasonably sure they will not occur.

Pressures

In the first task the Governor has to take a purely local point of view. He will have to advise his advisers more than a constitutional monarch usually does, but he must not try to impose a policy of his own or interfere except to protect the constitution; to do this is to exercise the third task. The second task is largely a British one, though it needs local co-operation.

Through all these changing pressures the Colonial Governor has had to pick his way. He is in many ways the key figure in the Colonial scene; yet he is still in the last issue the creature of the Colonial Office and unless the Colonial Office can be shown, in Parliament for instance, to be manifestly wrong, what it says must go with him unless he is completely indifferent to his future.

But while the Colonial Office picks the man it sets him up as an authority who may often be in dispute with it. What really keeps this delicately balanced relationship going is that Ministers, senior Colonial Office officials and Governors are

people with experience and a sense of responsibility.

Only this and public opinion exercised through the press and Parliament could keep the balance. This at least shows the vital part maturity plays and underlines the importance of the Governor in countries which have not reached political maturity. This does not only mean those territories which have been recently categorised as backward.

Now let us examine the Governor and the ends of Colonial Government.

The qualities required in a Governor have also varied in response to what has at different times been required of him.

In the days of the American colonies good Governors used a great deal of direct rule to achieve the exploitation of economic wealth. Bad ones enriched themselves.

Then came the trial of Warren Hastings. As the most unjustly treated Governor in the history of the Empire he brought about a realisation of responsibility for dependent peoples.

During the 19th century colonial governors created subject races in a liberal spirit, though they did not all learn that the natives of countries other than India could be "men of as strong intellect, as sound integrity, as honourable feelings as any in this kingdom."

But they were mostly humanitarian and some, following British instincts and the spirit of British institutions, fostered systems of representation which were not permeated with ideas of racial discrimination.

Empire-building

They also began social and economic development. A charming book called "Really and Truly" which I had as a present at the age of five or six tells the glories of the 19th century. In 21 Rhynas and Pictures. Ten of these are wonderfully Imperialistic, but the last, headed "Khartoum College 1900," shows African staff clad only in elgans and red doctoral robes watching a cricket match between Africans, turbaned, and green-robed and barbaric Dervishes holding outstretched example of the best type of soldier-administrator of the pre-political period. The Gezira scheme has not been

Harold Ingrams, CMG, OBE, is a student of Colonial affairs and author of many books, including "Seven Across The Sahara," and "Hong-kong." After thirty years in the Colonial Administrative Service, he was until recently adviser on overseas information at the Colonial Office. He has served in or visited most colonies in Asia, Africa, Europe and the Caribbean as well as with the Control Commission in Germany.

The growth of self-governing institutions in the colonies makes the position of His Excellency more important than ever. He must guide every step, and ultimately induct the colony into the Commonwealth as a full member. This series of three articles examines the problems of the highest office today.

surpassed even in these days for its progressive outlook.

It was an age of Empire-building but in the acquisition of fresh colonies principles were established which are still valid in the change towards the Commonwealth philosophy of today.

Kitchener, maybe, lacked the human touch—not necessarily a hall mark of his age but the mark, I think, of a certain reserve not uncommon in soldiers. Lord Wavell recalls Allenby, Wellington and Haig. Sir Brian Robertson had it.

I remember a General with whom I worked in Germany, and who shared my admiration for our master, saying he was never summoned to the presence without looking round for The Times to stuff down his trousers.

Dual Mandate

The only Pro-consular figure of a bygone age I knew at all was Sir Harry Johnston, one of the explorer-plotter-governors. He was not an inspiring figure, but he had no small achievements to his credit. He practised the Pax Britannica plus exploitation (in the unperverted economic sense) policy.

I lately read an account of his work in Nyasaland. It recalled the kind of work I had done in the Hadramaut colony on behalf of the people concerned. Reading it in the light of today's nationalism made it easy for me to understand how the meaning of exploitation was perverted and how easy it was for people to picture my own work in at least the better sense of the word.

With the 20th century comes Lord Lugard and the development of the doctrine of the dual mandate. In this doctrine the idea of development for the benefit of the world may be argued more responsibly outside the Colonies than direct rule.

In regard to the latter Lord Lugard was an ill-used prophet for his concept was, like the Quran, denied any dynamics and in the crystallisation of the cycle of chiefs lies much of the danger of the trying to keep peoples primitive.

Lord Lugard's disciple, Sir Donald Cameron, contributed

to this by inventing chiefs where none existed. I found in the Northern Territories of the Gold Coast one young Administrative Officer specially posted to a tribe, which had never developed beyond the family stage, with the purpose of finding out who the chief would have been if the institution had developed.

The Governors who followed in Africa were brought up in the Lugard tradition and were equally Pro-consular in outlook. They tried to bring the system more into line with the nationalist striving of the forces, but with no great conviction that it was desirable or even unavoidable. They designed short-lived constitutions quickly discovered to be unworkable.

I had experience of the Gold Coast, one. It failed because indirect rule had reached its ceiling and was utterly unreal in its working. The Legislative Council was the first to have an unofficial African majority, but I was astonished to find how little interest or political passion its proceedings evoked. The political battles were fought outside the chamber.

The Ceiling

There, too, indirect rule had reached its ceiling and was utterly unreal in its working. Some of the young men knew what was wrong with the country and what the intelligentsia needed but were not encouraged to speak out. There was a failure to understand that the old dispensation of autocratic government was really over.

Today, it is more than ever necessary that the "transitional stages" should be guided by a good governor; and there are many colonies involved, all with diverse problems, quite apart from, though complicating, the self-government issue.

Where are we to find the right man? In the Colonial Service—now the Overseas Service or outside it—from the ranks of politicians, the army or navy, or even business? In the next article I shall review the state of affairs of "gubernatorial timber."

(World Copyright New Commonwealth, London)
(To be continued on Monday)

THE ROYAL FAMILY'S MOBILE HOME

THE recent announcement that there is to be an addition of two specially-equipped coaches to the Royal Train for the exclusive use of Prince Charles and Princess Anne demonstrates that, despite the increasing use of aircraft for Royal journeys of late, the Queen, her family and

Court will still rely a good deal on rail travel.

Indeed, it is possible that without this most unique passenger train in the world, built specially for Royal use as a mobile home, the Queen's programme of engagements would have to be considerably curtailed, for it furnishes most of the residential facilities once provided, but no longer, by the "stately homes of England."

Time was when travelling Royally could spend a night or two as guests at some castle or manor, but times have changed and even most of England's stately homes broken up to meet death duties or turned into public show places. This state of affairs was visualised by King George VI who brought the Royal Train into being as a home on wheels, with specially-designed cars as day-rooms and sleeping accommodation.

The Royal Train is kept in constant readiness at Wolverton, Bucks, and built up to the number of coaches required for a particular type of tour. In addition to comfortable quarters for the Royal family and staff, there are special acoustic arrangements for reducing noise and shock absorbers for the elimination of jarring or rattling when the train is at high speed. There is an auxiliary car with power plant to heat the compartments electrically, as well as light them.

Different locomotives are used according to the nature of the run. For long journeys such as to Scotland there are engines at points on route there are reserve engines with steam up to cut delay to a minimum should there be a breakdown.

Royal Train journeys are worked out in tremendous detail in advance, not only for the heavy but also in with the heavy guard of about 200 men, most of which British Army and Royal Marines are

drivers of proved ability and other train staff. There is, too, a printed confidential book of rules relating to the working of the Royal Train, copies of which are given to principal officials with offices along the route.

There is a rule that a diagram of the train must be supplied to the railway officials responsible for its working, so that the exact total length may be known. From this the arrival platform is carefully marked to enable the driver to pull up to the customary red carpet exactly opposite the doorway from which the Royal party will emerge.

Another is that the driver must not release the steam exhaust while the Royal party are at the station, at the end of the journey. This is met by blowing off steam as the train approaches the arrival platform, only sufficient being retained to finish the run.

Bridges and tunnels are guarded as a precaution against mishaps, and a man is posted in each level-crossing, which has no gates, while every inch of the journey. At regular points along the route are guards watchful for anything likely to endanger the Royal Train. Road traffic over a stipulated area in the vicinity of the Royal route is brought to a standstill several minutes before and after the train passes, and all shunting for miles around is suspended to avoid the possible danger of a runaway wagon.

One rule that has been imposed operated in the time of Queen Victoria, who insisted that on no account was her train to exceed 40 m.p.h. As she had a horror of passing from one coach to another while the train was moving, the train had to be stopped while she walked from the lounge to the dining car, or vice versa. Nowadays the train can be stopped in an emergency, and its 32-line switchboard connected to a landline telephone cable.

J. W. TAYLOR

Oh! Woe! Woe!

POOR JACK

WIFE, DAUGHTERS, MAID,

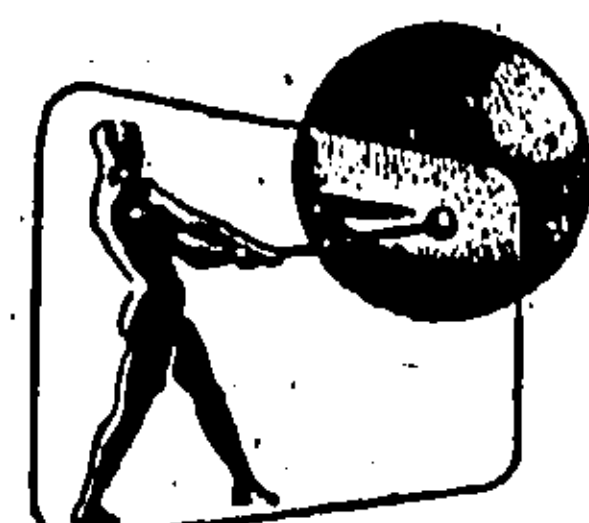
ALL FALL FOR

THAT INFERNAL CRYING CROONER

Come and laugh at him

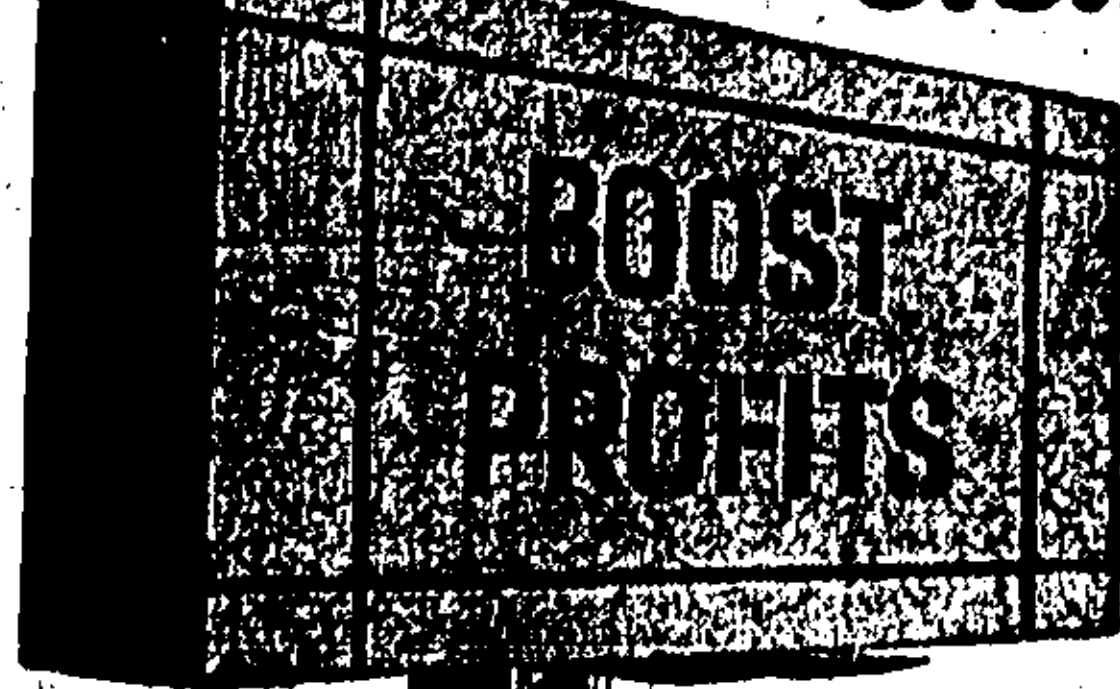
in

AS LONG AS THEY'RE HAPPY



WHITE HORSE
Scotch Whisky
ASK FOR IT BY NAME
Sole Importers: JARDINE MATHESON & CO. LTD., HONG KONG.

Air Cargo TO THE U.S.A.



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Watch your profits climb when you ship the modern NWA way. NWA Air Cargo helps you reduce warehouse costs, eliminates costly crating, speeds turnover of working capital, brings faraway markets near. All this adds up to greater profit.

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DOMESTIC VARIETY

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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

PEEPSHOW WINDFALL

Denham, Essex, a proud of their 700-year-old church, to when the rector of St. Mary's appealed for a cool £10,000 to save it from the death-watch beetle, everybody started paying up.

The campaign started well, fluffed for some time, then suddenly spurred ahead again.

The Rev. John E. Simpson, rector of the Buckinghamshire village, was delighted—but it was only this week that he discovered why the money was rolling in.

What he discovered was that the rush of cash was coming from a What-the-Butler-Saw peepshow of semi-clothed beauties in a local pub—at threepence a peep.

A customer had shown the pub owner the little match-box-sized cinema which showed, at the mere peering of a trigger, a parade of 18 eye-catching lovelies.

So the publican reckoned this was one way of putting some new life into the rector's campaign—and getting rid of the death-watch beetle.

He was right.

But this week the source of the revenue became too widely known, and the publican declared: "I can do it no longer."

And the rector said: "I don't know what the butler saw and I have no complaints. The landlord is a very decent and sincere fellow."

HUSH-HUSH TIE

The Most Exclusive Tie in the World was announced last week with a string of security regulations for wearing it.

It is the "house" tie of the hush-hush Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, Hants. Blue, with the R.A.E.'s coat of arms on it.

And to make sure only genuine Farnborough scientists and backroom boys wear it, these precautions have been taken:

No shops will sell it. Its wearers will have to identify themselves with a security pass. No temporary staff can wear it. Ex-stuff will be screened before they can get one.

"Yes," said a Farnborough man, "just about the most exclusive tie in the world."

THE DONS OPPOSE

Back in the thirteenth century, when the dons first started to build a university, they thought they had found a pretty good location in Oxford.

Not far from the headquarters of the Thames, at the junction of the Cherwell and Isis, they had beauty and a site at the very crossroads of England.

Last week, the dons were just as sure they'd done too well.

Time was when Oxford was a market town and a university town. Then came a man who wanted to make marmalade. He was followed, in 1912, by Lord Nuffield, who wanted to make motor cars.

Now there are 107,000 men, women and children in Oxford—and less than 8,000 of them belong to the university.

Furthermore, road transport made the crossroads more than geographical centre. Nowadays Oxford is more famous among the populace for its two-hour traffic jams than for its scholars.

And last week came the end. The authorities want to build

two concrete speedways to get rid of the jams—and they want to build them through the fields which surround the college.

Speedways are most obnoxious to the dons that maintain the motor cars ever were—and they have let it be known that they will lie down in front of the bulldozers if the plan ever goes through.

Then they started comparing. All the van Vegtens were dark—except Aad. Aad all had birthmarks on their hands—except Aad.

All the van Duyns, except Leny, were fair. Aad and Leny had a birthmark on her hand.

Then they discovered that the two girls had been born at the same hospital within a minute of each other. And they also found that on that day 18 other babies were born at the hospital—a good enough chance for a couple of them to get mixed.

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Danger! I diagnose a new epidemic...

I LOVE a celebrity. I love a big name, a face I have seen on the telly, a millionaire, an actress, a bishop, a member of the Royal Family. I like to go where they go, get up against them in buses, rub shoulders with them. I always hope (don't you?) that some of their lustre will rub off against me.

I am a sufferer from one of the most ingrowing diseases of modern times.

Yes, I think pursuit of celebrity is a disease. People trot after it with albums, people pursue it to its lair with telephone calls, hoping for "a quote." So do I.

And then when the lion turns, roaring out some incoherent opinion, I like to write it down. Maybe one day I shall turn it into a little book. Or a desk calendar with a quote for each day of the year.

Hope spreaders

There is only one thing against this, really. The little books that get made like this are not good.

I have just finished reading one. It is by Mr. Richard Collier, who describes himself as "a happy man." It is called THE SECRETS OF HAPPINESS (The World's Work, 5s.), and it contains discussions with nearly 50 such celebrated twentieth-century spreaders of truth and life and hope as Sir Bernard Decker, Lady Barnett, Billy Butlin, Peter Ustinov, Douglas Fairbanks, Denise Robins, Wilfred Pickles, Bessie Braddock, Nigel Balchin, Sir Carol Reed, Sir Malcolm Sargent.

These names certainly make news. (They always, always do.) But this does not necessarily mean that the quotes above the name is the double-dyed distillation of wisdom. No, alas. For behold, when I rushed to take the advice on happiness offered me by my idols, what did I find? The things they say all cancel one another out. For example:—

SIR BERNARD DECKER: "Things are never so urgent as people think they are."

LADY BARNETT: "The greatest mistake is that people always believe there is tomorrow."

DR. SOPER: "We are all really happiest when we don't think about happiness at all."

NOEL COWARD: "There's

nothing more to be said about it."

Now, isn't that awfully muddling? Aren't you in despair?

I am, I can tell you. For you see, I know perfectly well that if I were to invite these glamorous persons to a party to discuss the subject they would probably agree wholeheartedly with one another, and with me.

For one thing they all have in common—don't you think? And that is a readiness to give quotes to struggling writers that amounts almost to a disease in itself.

WILFRED PICKLES: "You'll never make friends by trying too hard."

BILLY BUTLIN: "We get bored because things are made too easy."

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Nancy Spain on BOOKS

AMONG THE CASES TO REPORT: LADY B, SIR BERNARD, PICKLES AND BUTLIN

Something awfully sad about happiness, isn't there?

EDGAR LUSTGARTEN: "Happiness is what makes you feel good."

SIR MALCOLM SARGENT: "Why not spend your leisure time as I do? Working!"

SIR CAROL REED: "Happiness in leisure consists of contrast."

DENISE ROBINS: "When ever my children wanted help or advice they knew they could come into my study and I would put aside my work to listen to them."

PETER USTINOV: "All trouble in this life springs from three fatal words: 'My Daddy says.'"

JOHN BETJEMAN: "Avoid the man who is friendly with everyone."

ODETTE CHURCHILL: "If a friend rang me in the middle of the night with raging toothache I should suffer with them."

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WILFRED PICKLES: "You'll never make friends by trying too hard."

BILLY BUTLIN: "We get bored because things are made too easy."

Now, isn't that awfully muddling? Aren't you in despair?

I am, I can tell you. For you see, I know perfectly well that if I were to invite these glamorous persons to a party to discuss the subject they would probably agree wholeheartedly with one another, and with me.

For one thing they all have in common—don't you think? And that is a readiness to give quotes to struggling writers that amounts almost to a disease in itself.

WILFRED PICKLES: "You'll never make friends by trying too hard."

So, thank goodness, we do occasionally see a new face on the literary horizon. D'Arcy Niland, for example, whose new novel, THE SHIRAZEE (Angus and Robertson, 10s. 6d.), tells the story of a rather unattractive swagman who longs to escape from the responsibility of his little daughter, Buster, aged four and a half—in the end he finds he loves her after all.

"A Shirazee," in case you didn't know, is Australian for bundle or burden.

This is a rather sickly story, well told in strong, basic Australian. Mr Niland obviously knows his swagmen well, as indeed he might, for in his time he has been a potter, a digger, opal miner, shearer, shed roustabout, circus hand, side-show boxer, and reporter.

He is handsome, thirtyish, and is married to Ruth Park, a more famous purveyor of dark Australian fiction. They have five children: so

On August 15, ten years ago, the news flashed round the world that Japan had surrendered to the Allies, and the war, which had ended in Europe three months earlier, was over. Three weeks later the formal surrender was signed on board the United States battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay.

Several programmes in the General Overseas Service this week commemorate the 10th anniversary of that momentous VJ-Day and trace some of the far-reaching changes which have taken place in South-East Asia, the Pacific and the Far East since then.

The first of these programmes — entitled "A Prospect of Asia" — will review the Asian situation in 1954, describe the economic and political development of the past ten years, and examine the prospects for the future.

Asian speakers will be invited to give their opinions on present day problems, and their views on the most effective form of government likely to increase the stability and economic programme of the respective countries. A Prospect of Asia will be broadcast from the BBC on Monday evening at 10.15.	<p>GRAMME SUMMARY.</p> <p>6.03 STUDIO: UNIT REQUESTS. Presented by Linda Geller. R.A.F. Mount Davis.</p> <p>7.05 STUDIO: "JUKE BOX PARADE". Presented by Nick Kendall.</p> <p>7 to 7.15 "THIS WEEK". News, reports and interviews with the week's events in and out of Hongkong. Compiled by Timothy Birch.</p>
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Later in the week, the General Overseas Service of the BBC will broadcast a programme called "Tokyo Bay and After—A Decade of Destiny". Introduced by Admiral the Earl Mountbatten. The programme—commemorating VJ-Day, and noting the vast and far-reaching changes which have taken place in the Far East since the war, will be on the air next Saturday, and further details will be given in this column next week.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL, AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
 8.09 CHINESE VETERANS' SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
 8.15 FLYING STAFF JURY GARLAND.
 It's a New World: Send my baby home. Gotta have me go with you; Without a misery; I'm always chasing rainbows.
 8.30 POLICE FAVOURITES (LONDON RELAY).
 9.00 TIME SIGNAL.
 STUDIO: SPORTS CAVALCADE.
 Edited by Brig Young.
 Produced by John Wallace.
 "EIGHTH OF THE THEATRE."
 "Globe World."
 "Globe World."

A new series of the popular variety show "Take It From Here," with Dick Bentley and Jimmy Edwards, Wallas Eaton, Alma Cogan, June Whitfield, the Keyholes, and the Augmentines—BBC Revue Orchestra, will begin on Friday next, at half past eight.

The first edition includes a light-hearted glimpse of a village library committee discussing an allegedly objectionable book entitled "Good Time Bertha"; a touching reunion between Ron and Eth Glum, happily together again six months' separation; and a return to the age of elegance in Regency Brighton, with the Prince Regent, Mrs Fitzherbert.

In "This Week" this evening at 7.30 listeners may hear an interview about the work of the RSCPA news of a new organisation called "Round the World" in an interview with the film star from the film being shot in the Territories, and an interview with Professor Sir John Clough on the site of the Tomb Excavations at Li Cheng Uk.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second and on 3940 kilocycles 76.14 metres.)

12.30	p.m.	ALICE-VOLUME SUM-MARY.	10.15	WEATHER REPORT AND NEWS.
12.30		MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.	10.30	MORNING MELODY.
1.00		TIME SIGNAL.		LONDON STUDIO CONCERT.
1.15		NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.		The Bourne-mouth Municipal Orchestra.
1.30		LUNCHEON MUSIC.		Conducted by Charles Groves.
		"Fiesta In Madrid." FORCE'S PROGRAMMES.	11.00	RELAY SERVICE FROM ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL.
2.00		OLD TIME BALLROOM.		Preceder: The Right Rev. R. O. Hall, Bishop of Hongkong.
		Played by Sydney Thompson and his Orchestra.		Organist: Cecilia Cheng.
2.30		MUSICAL COMEDY "HIGH-LIGHTS."	12.15	P.M. STUDIO MUSIC TIME.
		Played by Gordon Jenkins and his Orchestra.	12.30	PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
		"My Love and Juliet." Keep it Gay; No Other Love; I'm your girl; Marrying Time; I'm already dat today; You're just in love; The Carolina; Can-Can? I am in love; 'Ost Moulinette; Alice-You-En; It's all right with me; Yours is my heart alone—with Tommy Dorsey and Chick.	12.32	"THE BOY FRIEND" (SANDY WILSON)
				Vocal selections from the Broadway production.
			1.15	WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
			1.30	AFTERNOON CONCERT.
				FORCE'S PROGRAMME.
				The Force will conduct "The Force of Destiny" (Verdi) — George Bell conducting The London Philharmonic Orchestra.
				Chilhampton Grand Opera — "Orchestra in the Societe du Conservatoire de Paris, conducted by Charles Munch.
			2.00	STUDIO: HOSPITAL 'RE-

3.00 **STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.**
Presented by Rosemary.

4.00 **STUDIO: FORCES' CHOICE.**
Presented by John Nethorpe.

4.30 **THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.**
By Sir Walter Scott.
Part 8. 'Hewenwood returns.'

5.00 **FRANKIE CARLE'S PIANO**
Solo.
Sunrise Serenade; A Lover's Lullaby; Charmaline; I'll get by; Swingin' down the Lane; I can't believe that you're in love with me; Runnin' wild-Frankie Carlo (piano).

Presented by Brenda.

3.00 **JACK HARDY'S LITTLE ORCHESTRA.**
With Mary Howlands and Bill Robinson.

3.30 **STUDIO: HOME REQUESTS.**
Presented by Brenda.

4.30 **GUILTY PARTY.**
A panel of experts solve a

FERD'NAND

4215 ROBERT SHAW CHORALE.
 Juvenile: Anna Lee; Walt for the
 Watson - Donald; Meister (baritone
 solo); Lorena; Sweet Genevieve;
 Calvin Marsh (baritone solo); Lill
 Liss - Jane-Larry Chisel (tenor
 solo).

4216 POPULAR CONCERT.
 George Weldon conducting the
 Philharmonia Orchestra.
 Overture, "Light, Color, Sound."
 (Vom
 Sings); Walt (from "The Sleeping
 Beauty") (Ballet); Scherzando;
 (from "The Sleeping Beauty") (Ballet);
 Walt; May (from "The Sleeping
 Beauty") (Ballet); Scherzando;
 (from "The Sleeping Beauty") (Ballet);
 Walt.

4217 THE SIGNAL AND THE

HARRIS PARRY RECORD

Don't get around much anymore
Jo Stanford (vocal); High Society
Band (instr.)
The last Rose of Summer
Alice Stutta & his Orch.; Timm-
ing - Stan Kenner & his Orch.
Little John Noddy
Neddie (vocal); Under the Bridges
Patie Dean Martin; Windscreen
The Clock-maker: Fanfare
Eugene Ewing & his Orch.

JIMMY McHUGH ORCHESTRA
Conducted by Frank Devol

I feel a Song Comin' on! I Can't
Wait to Hear It
Name me; Cuban Love song; I'm
in the mood for love; It's a mont

manisches Orchestra conducted by
Wilhelm Furtwangler; Orchestra
Suite from "Symon Kotko" Op. 81
(Prokofiev) - Symphony Orchestra
Radio Recd. conducted by Ho
Kleins

FROM THE WEEKLIES
10.00 **THE SUNDAY MORNING**
10.30 **FROM HEAVENLY HARMONY**
Credo (Score No. 12 to 10) Trom-
bone Soloist
Johann Schwaizkopf (sop.), Mar-
jethen (contr.), Heinz Rehtus
and Chorus
of the Society of Friends of Mus-
ic with Organ & Harpsichord con-
ducted by Herbert von Karajan

RPTL (LONDON REMA)
11.00 **SIGNAL RADIO NEWS**
The Teaching of Jesus.
(Tenth Sunday after Trinity).

CLOSE DOWN

03	GRAMME SUMMERY.	7.00	a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND
04	LOPPLE STOKOWSKI CON-	7.05	OPENING MARCH.
05	DUCT. PHILIP HARTMAN	7.20	LIGHT MUSIC.
06	AND OTHER FAVOURITES.	7.35	GRAMME SUMMERY.
07	Granger. (composer): Country	7.42	TOP OF THE MORN.
08	Shore; Rock Morris; Early one	7.45	WEATHER REPORT.
09	morning: Handel in the Strand; Irish	8.00	TIME SIGNAL.
10	music from County Derry; Tyrolean	8.05	WEATHER REPORT AND
11	music from County Kerry.	8.10	SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS
12	FORCE EVENING SERVICE	8.40	MUSIC IN THE AUD.
13	(CONCERT HALL).	9.00	WEATHER REPORT AND
14	Conducted by Rev. J. W. J.	9.05	SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS
15	Galbraith, C.P. and the Forens'	9.20	MUSIC.
16	Choir conducted by Major	9.30	PROGRAMME SUN-
17	W. J. G. O'Connell.	9.35	DALE ATTRACTION.
18	FAVOURITES FROM THE	9.40	Elyane Cella (vocal), Lea
19	FILMS "WITH A SONG IN MY	9.45	played & his Chorus & Orchest-
20	HEART" - HANS CHRISTIAN	9.50	TRAL. TIME SIGNAL.
21	ANDERSEN.	9.55	WEATHER REPORT AND
22	"With a Song in my heart":	10.00	SPECIAL ANNOUNCE-
23	Produced and It's a Good	10.05	MENTS.
24	Day. From the vocal "Hans	10.10	FOR YOU.
25	Christian Andersen": I'm Hans	10.20	CLOSE DOWN.
26	Christian Andersen; Anywhere I	6.00	TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-
27	travelling: Inchworm; No Two People	6.05	STUDIO: CHURCH'S HALL
28	Can Be Friends. From the vocal	6.10	WOUR.
29	penhagen-Danny Kaye (vocal).	6.15	Presented by Sally Ann.
30	LAWS AND LIBERTIES.	6.20	THE LUCKY MAGAZINE.
31	Produced by Richard Carille, 1934.	6.30	ACCENT ON RHYTHM.
32	Reconstructed by Jennifer Wayne	6.35	Georgia Swing - Jelly-Roll
33	WEATHER REPORT.	6.40	Movie Show in the Sky - Bir-
34	TIME SIGNAL AND THE	6.45	Cronby (vocal) and Russ Morgan
35	NEW FALCON (L.A.V.).	6.50	his Chorus: Wrap your troubles
36	COMING FLY (L.O.N.G.)	6.55	in my dreams. M. G. (vocal)
37	REPLAY) OR SPECIAL AN-	7.00	With the Mike McKenzie Quartet
38	OUNCEMENTS.	7.05	The Yodel Blues - Bing Cros-
39	14.55 "LA PERLA".	7.10	with the Chorus and his
40	Duet: Parigi, o cara (from "La	7.15	Red Silken Stockings - Sid Phil-
41	Quintavola") (Verdi); Cherry Duet	7.20	and his Band: Poty Driver (vocal)
42	from "L'Amant de la Femme"	7.25	and his Band: The Golden Oldies
43	(Tandini (soprano) and Fer-	7.30	Orch.: I do-Sid Phillips and
44	uccio Tagliavini (tenor).	7.35	his Band: Geraldine Farrar & John
45	FERDINAND. From the novel "The	7.40	Woods (vocal). Shine on you
46	Prime Minister" by Anthony	7.45	Shores-Fred Astaire with
47	Trollope.	7.50	Studio Orch.; Sid Blue Shirt and
48	TIME SIGNAL.	7.55	n Rainbow. The New Stewart (piano)
49	THE SUNDAY CONCERT	8.00	pers-Phil Cardew and his Cor-
50	verture. "Der Freischutz":	8.05	Hikers.
51	Conducted by the Residency-Orchestra	8.10	BOX 200.
52	(the Hague) conducted by Willem	8.15	Bert Gilleit at the Reg.
53	in Orlorio: Sinfonie No. 88 in G	8.20	STUDIO: ANNOUNCEMENTS
54	Major.	8.25	Presented by Linda Roberts.

7.00	A.M.	TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.	7.00	A.M.	TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02		LIGHT MUSIC.	7.02		LIGHT MUSIC.
7.10		NEWS SUMMARY.	7.10		NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20		11.30 OF THE MOIN.	7.20		11.30 OF THE MOIN.
7.45		WEATHER REPORT.	7.45		WEATHER REPORT.
8.00		NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS, MUSIC IN THE AIR.	8.00		NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS, MUSIC IN THE AIR.
8.10		CLOSE DOWN.	8.10		CLOSE DOWN.
9.00		CLOSE DOWN.	9.00		CLOSE DOWN.
12.15		AUDIO: MORNING PRAYERS, by the Rev. J. E. Sandbach.	12.15		AUDIO: MORNING PRAYERS, by the Rev. J. E. Sandbach.
12.30		12.30 OF THE MOIN.	12.30		12.30 OF THE MOIN.
12.32		THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND.	12.32		THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND.
1.00		TUNES YOU'VE WHISTLED, With Carmen Cavallaro (Piano)	1.00		TUNES YOU'VE WHISTLED, With Carmen Cavallaro (Piano)
1.15		NEWS, WEATHER, REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.	1.15		NEWS, WEATHER, REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30		LUNCHEONTIME CONCERT.	1.30		LUNCHEONTIME CONCERT.
2.00		CLOSE DOWN.	2.00		CLOSE DOWN.
6.00		TIME SIGNAL AND MORNING SUMMARY.	6.00		TIME SIGNAL AND MORNING SUMMARY.
6.03		THE MARCH OF THE BAND OF HER MAJESTY'S SCOTS GUARDS.	6.03		THE MARCH OF THE BAND OF HER MAJESTY'S SCOTS GUARDS.
6.04		By Lt.-Col. S. Rhodes	6.04		By Lt.-Col. S. Rhodes

8.10	MUSIC IN THE AIR.	7.00	a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND
9.00	CLOSE DOWN.	7.05	OPENING MARCH.
12.15	STUDIO: MORNING PRAYER.	7.52	LIGHT MUSIC.
	By the Rev. J. E. Sandbach.	7.15	NEWS SUMMARY.
12.30	PROGRAMME SUMMARY.	7.20	TOP O' THE MORN.
12.32	THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND.	7.25	WEATHER REPORT.
1.00	TIME SIGNAL.	8.00	TIME SIGNAL AND NEWS.
	TUNES YOU'VE WHISTLED.		WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
	By Clarence Cavallero (piano) and rhythm accomp.	8.10	MUSIC IN THE AIR.
1.15	NEWS, WEATHER, REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.	9.00	CLOSE DOWN.
1.30	LUNCHTIME CONCERT.	12.30	p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
2.00	CLOSE DOWN.		MARY.
6.00	TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.	12.32	MUSIC FROM THE FILMS.
6.03	BBC BANDSTAND.	1.00	TIME SIGNAL.
	Band of Her Majesty's Scots Guards.	1.15	NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
	Conductor: Lt.-Col. S. Rhodes.		MENTAL.
		1.30	"MUSIC FROM SPAIN."
			Orquesta de Camara de Madrid.
		2.00	CLOSE DOWN.
		6.00	TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

(6.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 15.070 Mc/s, 19.91m and on 17.810 Mc/s, 16.84m)

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13	10.09	HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN
11.00	11.05	GRAND HOTEL.
12.00	11.50	The Gen. RADIO NEWSREEL
1.00	12.00	THE 1939 SUMMER
2.00	11.55	Peter Cook and Marjorie Westbury in
3.00		THE PEOPLE AND THE
4.00		MADISON MYSTERY.
5.00	11.50	A serial in eight parts by Frances
6.00	11.45	Durbridge. By A. Fenby. For Your
7.00		Thoughts.
8.00		Report from the
9.00		THE CONQUEST OF THE
10.00		FORCES' FAVOURITE.
11.00		FROM THE WEEKLIES.
12.00		FROM THE WEEKLIES.
1.00		ENGLAND V. SOUTH AFRICA.
2.00		SCOTTISH MAGAZINE.
3.00		THE 1939 SUMMER.
4.00		HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
5.00		
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12.00		

12	THE HAZELBROOKS.	6.45	HITLER! AIDICAR!
13	FISH TIE Match.	7.00	THE GAME SPIRIT.
14	ENGLAND V. SOUTH AFRICA.		
15	SUNDAY, AUGUST 14		
16	6 p.m. TODAY'S COMPOSER.		
17	Birth (on records).		
18	6.00 P.M. THE EDITORIAL.		
19	LONDON SYMPHONY OR-		
20	CHESTRA.		
21	Majorie Westbury in		
22	"GIVEN STAGES"		
23	Siella Margaretson. Episode 1:		
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MONDAY, AUGUST 15

3.00 p.m. PIANO MUSIC (records),
4.00 FROM THE EDITORIALS,
4.30 REGINALD LOPKOP,
5.00 THE NEWS,
5.30 "PALACE OF VARIETIES"
THE NEWS,
6.00 THE NEWS,
6.30 SPORTS REVIEW,
7.00 DAILY TERMINAL,
7.30 THE NEWS,
8.00 ENGLISH & SOUTH AFRICA,
8.30 ENGLISH SAGAZONE,
8.50 COMMENTARY,
9.00 SPORTS ROUND-UP,
9.25 THE NEWS,
9.30 SOUTH-EAST ENGLAND
Huntingdonshire,
9.50 "BLACKBURN" NIGHT,
10.15 FIFTH TEST MATCH,
10.45 ENGLAND V. SOUTH AFRICA,
11.00 WORDSHIP,
11.30 "Missionary Work in Thailand",
11.50 THE NEWS,
12.00 HOME NEWS FROM DRITLAND,
12.15 CASINO ORCHESTRA,
12.40 THE NEW RADIO TWEETREE
PROGRAMME JUMBLE.

11.13 TOKYO BAY AND AFTER—
 A Decade of Destiny.
 Introduction, Libation of
 Burma, K.G. G.C.B., P.C., D.S.O.—
 1.20 The East—The East—
 Day, and noting the vast and far-
 reaching changes since the war.
 1.25 The Far East Asia, the Pacific,
 and the Far East since the war, with
 special reference to the Far East
 at Pearl Harbour, in India, Pakistan,
 and the Far East, and the Far East
 New Guinea, Burma and Japan.

6.30	P.M. THIS DAY AND AGE.	Fete Polonoise (from "Le No-
6.40	FROM THE EDITORIALS.	Maigre Lul")-Richard Blareau con-
6.45	MONTMARTRE PLAYERS.	ducting the Orchestra of the Opera-
7.00	JAZZ IN THE MAKING.	Comique, Charles Ducloux (first
7.05	"STREET-ICK."	Education, Manuella Christian
8.00	THE NEWS.	Castell (sop.), Xavier Depraz (bass
8.09	COMMENTARY.	with orch. conducted by Charles
8.15	SPORTS ROUND-UP.	Bruck; Joyeux (sop.), Charles
8.25	REPORT FROM THE FRONT.	Rhapsody for Orchestra-Orchestra-
8.30	WHAT'S THE FORM?	den Concerta Lamoureux conducted by
8.45	"LINGER AWHILE."	Jean Tournet; Scherzo-Valse
9.15	PICTURE NEWS.	from "Suite Rhapsodique" by
9.25	ENGLAND V. SOUTH AFRICA.	Lindenberg conducting L'Orchestra
9.35	WELSH MAGAZINE.	de la Societe des Concerts du Con-
9.45	THE NEWS.	servatoire de Paris.
10.00	HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.	Maestro G. M. Neri.
10.15	THE PROTHES BELMAY.	Kallinka-Michel and his Gypsies.
10.30	By Humphrey Bakington adapted as	Ensemble: Rondaderas de Aragon-
10.45	radio play.	Maestro Albeniz.
11.00	RADIO NEWSREEL.	Montorio conducting the Orques-
11.05	PROGRAMME SUMMARY.	del Teatro Albeniz. Guitar by Justo
11.15	"ALL MY EYE AND KITTY	de Badajoz; Troika-Michel and his
11.25	THE NEWS.	Ensemble: Gypsies of the North.
11.45	SERIOUS ARGUMENT.	Martin (vocal) and Daniel Montorio
		conducting the Orquesta del Teatro
		Albeniz. Guitar by Justo de Bada-
		joz. Showtime.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19

8.30 p.m. JOHNNY MORRIS GETS A JOB.

8.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.

8.45 Frequency Announcements and Wavelength Changes.

and his Gypsy Ensemble.

9.00 TIME SIGNAL.

RECITAL BY DOROTHY SMITH (SOPRANO) (CONCERT HALL).

With piano accompaniment by Isidore Ahwee.

7.30	MADISON MYSTERY.	En batesu — Cortage — Menuet.
8.00	RECORD RENDEZVOUS.	Ballet—Symphony Orch. of Radi
8.00	THE NEWS	Berlin conducted by Sergiu Celib
8.09	COMMENTARY.	bidache.
8.15	SPORTS ROUND-UP.	8.30 WEDNESDAY THEATRE.
8.25	Report on the	THE ORNSTEIN THEATRE.

8.30 MIDLANDS.
8.30 MAUNCHING AND WALTZING.
9.15 OLDY'S COMPOSER.
Haydn (on records).
9.30 MONTMARTRE PLAYERS.
Directed by Henry Krehl.
THE THREE PONYES.
By Donald Boyd. 3 - The Huntly Horn.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 METROPOLITAN ORCHESTRA.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSPAPER.
11.15 THEATRE SUMMERS.
11.15 Radio Theatre presents -
Richard Williams in
'PAYMENT DEFERRED'.
By James C. Deane on the novel
by G. R. GORDON.
11.30 MUSIC FOR THE TWENTY
CENTURY.
Maurice Strakosky (Orchestral Suite
from the Opus to the Ballet 'Cav-

of the Heart") (Samuel Barber)—
Samuel Barber conducting the New
York Philharmonic—Guarneri (violin)
"Latin American Symphonies"
(Morton Gould)—Eastman-Rochester
Symphony Orch., conducted by
Howard Hanson.

10:30 RHYTHM AND ROMANCE.
Darius Milhaud and Darius Little
Things mean a lot—Jan Cornejuen
and his Balloons Orch.; Give me
Love—L'Amour—Orch. L'Amour—
L'Amour—Al Goodman and his
Orch. with Earl Wrightson (bari-
tone) and Marie Martin (soprano)
and the Guild Chorus. My dream
Concerto—with chorus; My
dream Concerto—with chorus;
My dream Concerto—with chorus;
his Orch.; Je vous aime; Gitane
honoré; Rendezvous du bonheur—
his Orch.; and his Orch.

10:55 WEATHER REPORT.
**11:00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-
CAST, RADIO NEWSCAST.**
**11:05 TEST CRICKET (RECORDED
LONDON RELAY).**
11:30 SOUTH AFRICA.
Commentaries on the 4th day's
play of the 6th Test by Rex Allsop,
John Arlott and Charles Fortune at
the Oval.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11:30 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11:35 CLOSE DOWN.

Friday

**1:00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, A
OPENING MARCH.**
1:05 NEWS.
1:15 NEWS SUMMARY.
**1:25 TOP OF THE MORNING
MUSIC.**
1:45 WEATHER REPORT.
**8:00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS
WEATHER REPORT AND
CATHOLIC PRAYERS.**
8:10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
8:50 CLOSE DOWN.
**10:00 CATHOLIC PRAYERS, ROM-
AN CATHOLIC PRAYERS.**
**10:15 CATHOLIC PRAYERS, BY
the Rev. Fr. R. H. H. H.**
10:30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12:30 JOURNEY INTO MELODY.
1:00 NEWS.
**1:15 NEWS, WEATHER, REPO
AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCE-
MENTS.**
1:30 MUSIC OF THE MASTERS.
1:50 CLOSE DOWN.

9.00	a.m.	TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.	0.00	"The adventures of Cl Chuff" by Harry Harrison.
9.05		LIGHT MUSIC.	0.05	The shocking behaviour of Bubble
9.15		NEWS SUMMARY.	0.30	"POPULAR SONG PARADE" With the "Staragents".
9.20		TOP OF THE MORN.	1.00	I see the moon; Make it soon; I Catching the moon; I see the moon; love, love it; El Campari—w Say Dean's Orch.; Broken Wind Eva; The happy wanderer; Dios; The happy wanderer; Close of a long, long day— Stanley Black's Orch.; Dick Jam & George But Music.
9.30		WEATHER REPORT.	1.05	100 RET TO YOUR PARTNER Victor Silver & the B room Orch. & the Sil Strings
9.40		NEWS.	1.10	That certain feeling—The Ballro Orch.; Caribbean moonlight— Silver Strings; Ebb tide—the B Orch.; The happy wanderer; love—the Ballroom Orch.; Close of a long, long day— Stanley Black's Orch.; Dick Jam & George But Music.
9.45		WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.	1.15	100 RET TO YOUR PARTNER Victor Silver & the B room Orch. & the Sil Strings
9.50		NEWS.	1.20	That certain feeling—The Ballro Orch.; Caribbean moonlight— Silver Strings; Ebb tide—the B Orch.; The happy wanderer; love—the Ballroom Orch.; Close of a long, long day— Stanley Black's Orch.; Dick Jam & George But Music.
9.55		NEWS.	1.25	100 RET TO YOUR PARTNER Victor Silver & the B room Orch. & the Sil Strings
10.00		CLOSE DOWN.	1.30	That certain feeling—The Ballro Orch.; Caribbean moonlight— Silver Strings; Ebb tide—the B Orch.; The happy wanderer; love—the Ballroom Orch.; Close of a long, long day— Stanley Black's Orch.; Dick Jam & George But Music.
10.05		P.M. PROGRAMME SUM- MARY	1.35	100 RET TO YOUR PARTNER Victor Silver & the B room Orch. & the Sil Strings
10.10		ENDING BUT MUSIC.	1.40	That certain feeling—The Ballro Orch.; Caribbean moonlight— Silver Strings; Ebb tide—the B Orch.; The happy wanderer; love—the Ballroom Orch.; Close of a long, long day— Stanley Black's Orch.; Dick Jam & George But Music.
10.15		TIME SIGNAL.	1.45	100 RET TO YOUR PARTNER Victor Silver & the B room Orch. & the Sil Strings
10.20		NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCE- MENTS.	1.50	That certain feeling—The Ballro Orch.; Caribbean moonlight— Silver Strings; Ebb tide—the B Orch.; The happy wanderer; love—the Ballroom Orch.; Close of a long, long day— Stanley Black's Orch.; Dick Jam & George But Music.
10.25		NEWS.	1.55	100 RET TO YOUR PARTNER Victor Silver & the B room Orch. & the Sil Strings
10.30		WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.	2.00	That certain feeling—The Ballro Orch.; Caribbean moonlight— Silver Strings; Ebb tide—the B Orch.; The happy wanderer; love—the Ballroom Orch.; Close of a long, long day— Stanley Black's Orch.; Dick Jam & George But Music.
10.35		NEWS.	2.05	100 RET TO YOUR PARTNER Victor Silver & the B room Orch. & the Sil Strings
10.40		CLOSE DOWN.	2.10	That certain feeling—The Ballro Orch.; Caribbean moonlight— Silver Strings; Ebb tide—the B Orch.; The happy wanderer; love—the Ballroom Orch.; Close of a long, long day— Stanley Black's Orch.; Dick Jam & George But Music.

6.30 STUDIO: PORTUGUESE HALF HOUR.

7.00 GUY LUPAR AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
Bago Gully; May in Mexico; Piano Ballet; Your Jove; Sleeping Wavers; Chatterbox.

7.15 THE "YOUR TOES" (RODGERS) - HART
Selections from the musical play sung by the Principals and Chorus of the Royal Opera House production Orchestra conducted by Salvatore D'Alila.

On Your Toes-Overture; Two a day (Lullaby); Too good for the average man; There's a small hotel; Quiet night; Glad to be home; On Your Toes; Slaughter on Tenth Avenue; On Your Toes - Finale.

7.30 WEATHER REPORT

8.00 NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

8.05 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY). SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

8.15 ARTIST OF THE WEEK: ROLAND HAYES (TROMBONE).
Americas (clarinet), c. 1846-1900; Blue Bird (clarinet), c. 1846-1900; Little Boy (from "My Song") (Lyric of Christ series); Pleasant Land (from "The Song of the Folk Song"); Xiang (Harmonization of African Religious Chant)-W. Regional Boardman (piano).

8.30 BOARDMAN F.M.U.D. HEILS (HECTS).

[illegible]

★ The Yeomen of the Guard
★ The Pirates of Penzance
★ H.M.S. Pinafore
★ Patience
★ The Sorcerer
★ Iolanthe
★ Trial by Jury
★ Ruddygore
★ The Gondoliers

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Hongkong Is In No Danger Of Being Let Down By Our 11 Boxers To Singapore

Says OUR BOXING REPORTER

The Selection Committee of the Hongkong Amateur Boxing Association is to be congratulated on the all-round strength of the eleven-man team picked to represent the Colony in the forthcoming South-East Asian Championships at Singapore.

The team is a most capable one judged by any standards, and there is a healthy ration of vital virility and infectious enthusiasm among the boxers. It is of course quite impossible to try to forecast the prospects of our representatives for the strength of the opposition is more or less completely unknown here in Hongkong.

Be that as it may however, there is one forecast that can be made with absolute confidence. That is to say that Hongkong is in no danger of being let down by boxers who are not fit or who are wanting in the will to win.

It was adequately demonstrated at the Missions to Seamen on Tuesday evening that our fighters are superbly fit; that the trying distance of three three-minute rounds is well within their capabilities; and that they are ready and willing to go in and fight until they drop.

FIGHTING FIT

The physical fitness of the team is a great tribute to CPO Herrett and Sgt. Tye who have spared neither themselves nor the fighters in the search for the kind of fitness that probably only a finely trained boxer knows... the fitness that inspires the will to attack at top speed... that provides the determination to fight back after heavy punishment... that sparks the mysterious courage that picks a third aching body up off the canvas after a punch to a vital spot.

The kind of fitness that carries a winning boxer along on a strange surge of success to ultimate victory. If you have never lived through the heights and depths of these emotions then it is improbable that you have ever known what the term "fighting-fit" really means.

The only sad note in the whole matter of selecting the Colony team is that some really worthy boxers have had to be left out.

There would be places for men like Hudson, Jones, Leggerton and Finch in most representative teams of the day but in seeing a colleague being selected I am certain that they were among the first to offer their congratulations.

And now a word or two about the men who have been selected.

Flyweight.—Kan Chong-wai (ABC).

A clever youngster who is capable of giving the Colony a good start in the Championships provided he does not allow himself to be overawed by the importance of the occasion.

Bantamweight.—Fong Ki-kong (AEC).

Fong is second only to Henry Wong in popularity with the Chinese fans. He is an attractive hard hitting Bantam who will give any opponent plenty to think about in the ring.

His main weakness is that in his eagerness to fight he does not always land with the knuckle part of the glove and although his apparently hefty wallop gives the crowd something to shout about they do not always impress the judges in quite the same way... but whoever meets Fong at Singapore will know he has been in a fight.

Featherweight.—Sgt. Hillton (Army). Pound for pound and inch for inch, Hillton is the most powerful and the most accurate puncher in the Colony today. His string of knockout victories and his long list of Championship successes speak for themselves.

Lightweight.—Henry Wong (ABC). The darling of the Chinese fight fans. An experienced boxer who in his

Another Cricket Poser

Has a player ever scored off three consecutive deliveries in a first-class County Championship match without hitting the same ball? Well, that is a new one for cricketers to ponder, and it is true.

It happened last week at Hove and what is more, Bob Broadbent of Worcestershire scored 15 off those three balls from the Sussex captain, Robin Mania.

The first was a six into a nearby garden. A second "dead" ball was brought out and met the same fate. The third ball was a four. But the three runs were the first three runs scored.

Derek Johnson (Woodford Green AC) winning the 880 yards in 1 min. 46.7 sec. for Great Britain during the international athletics match against Germany at the White City Stadium, London, during the August Bank Holiday.

His time broke the British All-Comers' and National record of 1 min. 49.2 sec. set by Sydney Wooderson in 1938.

Johnson narrowly defeated under-21 miler Brian Hewson of Bristol, who had also been expected to break the record.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Cliff Bastin

By ARCHIE QUICK

Down in the little Devonshire fishing village of Topsham which nestles on the east bank of the River Exe midway between Exeter and Exmouth they are divided in their loyalties as to two was the greatest footballer the district has produced.

As they mend their nets or drink their cider in the inn they look across actively towards Starcross and Dawlish over the water and debate whether it was Dick Pym or Cliff Bastin.

Both these England men started with the local City up at St. James's Park, and then their ways divided. Pym, the goalkeeper, went to Lancashire and starred with Bolton Wanderers and won "caps" thirty years ago.

Burly Dick Pym always looked a typical fisherman. Now he is a publican. His hair was always dishevelled and he walked with a roll. Bastin's hair was always parted immaculately down the middle, but they both talk with the same West Country burr.

Whereas Pym travelled North for his living, Cliff took a train to London Town and threw his lot with Arsenal in their heyday to the extent of winning international honours twenty-one times a decade or more after Pym had made his three appearances.

OF EQUAL CALIBRE

There were many goalkeepers of equal calibre as Dick, but few outside lefts to compare with "Boy" Bastin—who played League football when he was sixteen and for his country before he was eighteen. He was of the direct, sharp attack which fitted in so well with the Arsenal scheme of things—Bastin doing the same on the other wing and James, Jack, Bowden, Buchanan scheming at inside forward.

All his playing career, however, Bastin was badly handicapped by deafness, and it is a remarkable thing that he could triumph over it to the extent that he "saved me a lot of trouble really," he once told me. "Could not hear what the crowd were saying about me or what my pals on the field were telling me what they thought I should do."

A careful Devon man is Cliff. I once played him at the Dyke Golf Club, Brighton, when Arsenal were training there under Mr. Herbert Chapman's management for a Cup Final.

Cliff was a teetotaler and non-smoker, so the agreed stake was a bar of chocolate. "Plain, though, no milk, nuts and fruit" the famous winger insisted. It was only later I discovered the plain bars were a penny cheaper. Needless to say Cliff is now comfortably situated.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. What do the following have in common: Andy Dugan, C.B. Fry, and Willie Watson?
2. Who are, or were, (a) The Boston Tar Baby (b) The Wizard of Dribble (c) The Emperor of Pot?
3. What sports would you see at (a) Cowes (b) St. Moritz (c) Cardiff Arms Park?
4. Did Joe Louis ever meet Primo Carnera?
5. Sydney Wooderson's last remaining British record, the Half-Mile, was broken. He held three other British records. What were they?
6. How many countries have won the Davis Cup?
7. When does a fly become a feather?
8. Recently the English Channel was swum by a Canadian, the youngest ever to achieve the feat. Who was it?
9. (a) Who won the 1955 Tour de France cycle race? (b) Has he won the event before?
10. Who is the Olympic 100 Metres Champion?

(Answers see Page 12)

WEEK-END BOWLS

RECREIO "BLUES" CAN MAKE SURE OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP TODAY

By "TOUCHER"

Club de Recreio, who have won the Colony First Division Lawn Bowls League title for the last three years, have an excellent chance of assuring themselves of the title for yet another year this afternoon and thus emulating the feat of Taikoo Recreation Club, the only four-time Champions in the 45 years' history of the League.

With only four more matches to go, the champion Recreio "Blues" team take on one of their strongest remaining rivals, Indian Recreation Club "Blues", at Sookumpoo today in what may be the deciding match of the League.

As a result of Wednesday's matches when the "Blues" further consolidated their position with a crushing 5-0 defeat over Indian Recreation Club "Gold", and Kowloon Bowling Green Club knocked Craigengower practically out of the running with a 4-1 score, only Kowloon Cricket Club now remain anywhere within striking distance of the Champions.

A decisive 5-0 win for the "Blues" will, however, make the gap almost unbridgeable despite the fact that the Blues' remaining games will be against KBGC, CCC and PRC.

Kowloon Cricket Club are already eight points behind the "Blues" with one game in hand. Their favourite, Raoul Luz, W. Hong Sling and M. B. Hassan, got through as expected—Raoul only narrowly and Hong Sling and Hassan by comfortable margins.

U. A. Rumbahn failed to make it against A. K. Minu, but this was by no means a major upset as actually there is very little to choose between them. A. K. Minu was in brilliant drawing form in this match. Top honours, however, in this round go to Farley Kermah whose win over Empiro Games representative Joe Luz was undoubtedly the best of the round.

Farley is capable of classy bowls when he is in the mood and can go very far if his temperamental nature does not get the better of him.

Tomorrow the third round of the Triples will be played off. The Pairs event has already reached the last sixteen stage, and the Rinko quarter-finals. It looks as if the Championships

SKIPS' TABLES

FIRST DIVISION

	P	W	D	L	F	Shots	U	D	Pts.
R. F. Luz (Rec. "B")	11	9	1	1	281	175	86	9	9 1/2
E. A. Coates (CCC)	11	8	1	2	238	200	38	8	8
J. E. V. Ribeiro (Rec. "B")	11	8	1	2	226	205	21	8	8
C. E. Passos (Rec. "B")	11	7	1	3	190	127	63	7 1/2	7 1/2
H. W. Bradbury (CCC)	11	7	1	3	248	191	57	7 1/2	7 1/2
W. Hong Sling (KCC)	11	7	1	3	229	212	17	7	7
J. M. McKelvie (KBGC)	11	7	1	3	210	210	0	6 1/2	6 1/2
A. M. Omar (IRC "B")	10	6	1	3	225	195	42	6 1/2	6 1/2
T. E. Baker (KCC)	11	6	1	4	226	198	28	6	6
A. Harvey (KCC)	10	5	1	4	226	198	28	6	6
D. Phillips (KCC)	10	5	1	4	193	197	20	5 1/2	5 1/2
F. Forrester (KCC)	10	5	1	4	193	197	20	5 1/2	5 1/2
A. H. Seemlin (IRC "G")	11	5	1	5	234	220	14	5	5
K. Bodie (PRC)	10	5	1	5	191	182 1/2	8 1/2	5	5
H. B. Dewar (PRC)	10	5	1	5	190	209	13	5	5

SECOND DIVISION

	P	W	D	L	F	Shots	U	D	Pts.
E. Greenwood (HKFC)	12	9	1	2	301	172	129	9	9
R. Gourlay (KDC)	11	9	1	2	240	164	82	9	9
W. B. Brown (TC)	12	9	1	2	290	215	75	9	9
J. B. Baxter (TC)	11	9	1	2	257	197	60	8 1/2	8 1/2
J. H. Kinniburgh (TC)	12	8	1	3	250	203	47	8	8
F. D. Angus (HKFC)	12	8	1	3	240	205	35	7	7
D. E. Elliot (KDC)	11	7	1	4	214	210	0	2	2
D. Agnew (USRC)	11	7	1	4	248	168	80	6	6
W. M. McCall (KDC)	10	6	1	4	248	214	34	6	6
W. J. Howard (KCC)	12	6	1	5	205	141	24	6	6
J. Leonard (CCC)	11	6	1	5	229	208	21	6	6
B. I. Bickford (HKFC)	11	6	1	5	247	198	49	6	6
D. Trail (HKCC)	13	6	1	6	200	200	0	6	6
R. Tay (CCC)	12	6	1	6	225	220	4	6	6
F. Forrester (KCC)	12	6	1	6	147	108	41	5 1/2	5 1/2
P. K. Lau (CCC)	11	5	1	5	218	210	1	5 1/2	5 1/2
R. Hetherington (USRC)	11	5	1	5	191	182 1/2	8 1/2	5	5
A. Sequiera (FC)	10	5	1	4	198	212	14	5 1/2	5 1/2

THIRD DIVISION

	P	W	D	L	F	Shots	U	D	Pts.
R. Lapsley (KDC)	12	10	1	1	298	181	117	10 1/2	10 1/2
J. McKittrick (KDC)	12	9	1	2	202	210	82	9 1/2	9 1/2
A. G. Gardner (HKERC)	11	8	1	2	252	199	53	8 1/2	8 1/2
W. C. Higgs (POC)	11	8	1	2	247	210	31	8	8
V. A. V. Ribeiro (FC)	11	7	1	3	247	210	31	7 1/2	7 1/2
A. Hutton (KBGC)	9	6	1	2	195	166	20	6 1/2	6 1/2
R. Rosen (KDC)	11	6	1	4	173	110	63	6	6
R. Rosen (FOC)	11	6	1	4	218	234	16	6	6
E. Champelovier (KCC)	11	6	1	4	213	235	22	6	6
L. J. McTavish (POC)	10	5	1	4	231	181	50	5	5
W. A. J. Bayne (KDC)	10	5	1	4	118	69	49	5	5
M. N. Rakusen (HKFC)	11	5	1	5	238	202	36	5	5
L. Cosgrove (KBGC)	8	5	1	3	165	142	23	5	5
A. Ribeiro (FC)	10	4	2	4	197	177	20	5	5
J. R. Sloan (HKERC)	10	4	2	4	172	180	3	5	5
F. Mackenzie (PRC)	9	5	1	3	205	243	18	5	5
H. Shields (HKFC)	11	4	2	5	205	243	40	5	5

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Valentine's MEAT JUICE

The Real Beef Extract

Has a player ever scored off three consecutive deliveries in a first-class County Championship match without hitting the same ball? Well, that is a new one for cricketers to ponder, and it is true.

It happened last week at Hove and what is more, Bob Broadbent of Worcestershire scored 15 off those three balls from the Sussex captain, Robin Mania.

The first was a six into a nearby garden. A second "dead" ball was brought out and met the same fate. The third ball was a four. But the three runs were the first three runs scored.

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Johnson narrowly defeated under-21 miler Brian Hewson of Bristol, who had also been expected to break the record.

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CHAMPIONS SURREY HAVE A MUCH TOUGHER LAST LAP THAN YORKSHIRE

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

If I were asked to name the three teams likeliest to upset the Championship challenge this year I would name Sussex, Hampshire and Derbyshire. All three have a liveliness in bowling, batting and fielding which could turn the tables on any combination.

And that is good news for Yorkshiremen. For their nearest rival is Surrey—and Surrey are meeting these three demon clubs in their last three games. So Champions Surrey have a much tougher last lap to fight than Yorkshire and they are not likely to pull through with any great ease.

In addition they have yet to meet their London rivals, Middlesex, twice, and however low in the table Middlesex may be they are never beaten easily by Surrey.

So while Surrey are meeting Middlesex (at the Oval), Somerset, Gloucestershire, Northants, Middlesex (at Lord's), Sussex, Hampshire and Derbyshire, Yorkshire are playing Derbyshire, Notts, Middlesex, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire and Essex.

Knowing something of these two lots of opposition I would say the betting on Surrey or Yorkshire to be top at the end must be dead even.

COWDREY AS OPENER?

We still do not know what the selectors have decided to do about England's opening batting problem—a problem as tough and persistent as any yet faced by a selecton committee.

I do not propose to join the army of amateur selectors who are on the job in every pub and club in the country, but I think it will be of interest to readers to know what most players are feeling.

To them the answer, agreed on by most, is to have Willie Wat on at one end and Colin Cowdrey at the other. Admittedly neither is a regular opener for his County. But the feeling is that, as improvisation seems to be necessary, the men to pick must be, technically, the most sound. Certainly no two men I have seen play more correctly behind the line of the ball than these two.

But what puzzles me is why there seems to be such lack of co-operation between the Eng-

MYSTERIOUS REASONING

As for the recent state of affairs when Len Hutton was captain of officially appointed MCC sides all over the world and yet not a member of the MCC himself, well that was one we gave up trying to understand years ago. We reasoned that Len should have been appointed an honorary life member of MCC as soon as he was first appointed England captain—rather than after he had finished the job. But perhaps we fail to understand the mysterious reasoning of the MCC management.

But to return to England's opening batting problem. Although the continuation of Cowdrey and Watson is what most cricketers are suggesting at present I myself am by no means sure that this improvisation is the right answer.

I personally would like to think that youngsters who are in form would get their chances in

land Test fraternity and the County clubs. I would have thought that as soon as it was known that the England selectors were even thinking of Cowdrey and Watson as openers, their Counties would have immediately given them experience in that position.

But no—that doesn't seem to happen. Over here few things work out as logically as overseas cricketers—and, I suspect, the general public—expect, so that one more mystery doesn't really matter. Australians, for instance, have never really understood why Len Hutton should captain England and not Yorkshire. Right now, they can't understand how Peter May can be skipper of his country and not of his own club.

As a general principle for Test Selection at home I believe the formula of "the men in form" should be followed. Too often a man's reputation makes people overlook the human frailties which for one reason or another sometimes put him at less than his best.

TOUGH OPERATION

Incidentally, Lancashire people should know that Jack Ikin was definitely the man standing by to play for England when Wat on fell out of that last Test. If he had been fit for a five-day match Jack would certainly have been there.

You have to remember that this courageous character of English cricket went through a pretty tough ulcer operation not so very long ago, and it takes a long time to get back to the pitch of fitness Test matches demand.

Most recent of the big cricket names to go on to the operating table was my own skipper, Rex Simpson. For a long time Rex suffered from headaches from sinus trouble and finally he felt that the best thing was to let the surgeons deal with it. He came out of hospital last week and we all hope he will be back in the Notts side very soon. But I myself don't expect him back too soon. I know that operations take a lot out of you.

COACHING HINT

The secret of really good batting for most club players is SELECTION. Selection of the right ball to play safely and the right one to crack for four. Looking back I think you will usually find that if you have been content to play defensively to most balls that have bowled you you would still have been there.

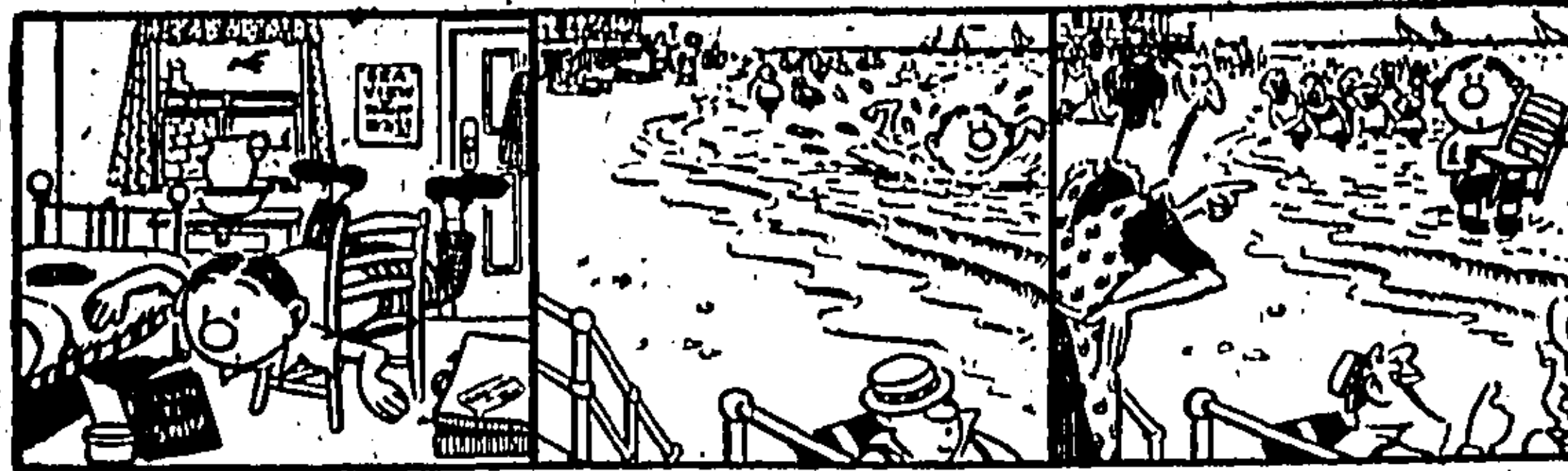
Alternatively, if you have gone boldly into the drive, the ball you played back to would not have beaten you. To my mind the secret of proper selection of strokes is CONCENTRATION—a vital detail too many club players ignore.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

The Haworth family of Spring Hill (Lancs) have been chiefly responsible for putting their local cricket club into the Final of the Huddersfield League's Knock-out Cup competition. There are two branches of the family. Of the eleven, Ron, Joe, John and Frank are brothers and then there are their cousins Richard, George and Gordon Haworth.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



MARILYN BELL

Youngest Swimmer To Beat English Channel Is Truly A Mighty Atom Of The Water

Spring, 1947. The Bell family moves to Toronto. The move just about exhausts the family exchequer. Not enough over, anyway, for a summer holiday for mother, father, eight-year-old Marilyn and three-year-old Karen.

To make up for the disappointment, father buys Marilyn a season ticket for the local swimming pool.

So began a sports story which has thrilled the world.

The latest chapter was written at half past eight on July 21 evening when Marilyn, now a 17-year-old schoolgirl, crawled ashore at Abbot's Cliff, near Dover, having become the youngest swimmer to beat the English Channel.

Marilyn Bell is one of the sports wonders of the age—or of any age.

In a crowded swimming pool or on a packed beach she is the last person you would pick out as a long distance swimmer, let alone one to battle with the English Channel's pounding waves.

For Marilyn just tops five feet, and scales only eight stone.

Truly a mighty atom of the water.

GRUELLING FIGHT

When conquering the Channel, Marilyn reached a point about three miles off the English coast after eight hours swimming. Then followed a gruelling fight against a surging tide. Hour after hour she battled.

How could this seemingly frail schoolgirl match the battering waves and remorseless tide? No one knows. But she did.

At one stage she swam for two hours hardly moving forward an inch as she was swept five miles along the English coast. Yet she held on and, in the words of one of the waiting

crowd at Abbot's Cliff: "Came the last two hundred yards and she nearly sprinted it."

This is the second time in her short life that Marilyn Bell has amazed the world.

The first was in September last year. Then she matched her five-foot frame against the six-foot waves of frigid Lake Ontario, and won. Marilyn is the only swimmer ever to complete the crossing. Experienced Channel swimmer Florence Chadwick was in that race but even she gave up.

And Marilyn had only been entered for the race two weeks beforehand. It was a gesture of the Canadian authorities who had invited only American swimmers to compete.

There was no time to go about the long arduous preparation, such an ordeal demands. There was another reason why Marilyn swam Lake Ontario.

INSTRUCTOR BELL

She is an instructor at a swimming clinic for polio victims where water exercises help patients recover.

Last year the clinic faced bankruptcy.

First prize for the Lake Ontario race was £3,500. Gifts of money, furniture, radios, television sets, watches and hosts of other things swayed the prize to over £20,000. Schoolgirl Marilyn Bell became Marilyn Bell and Co. Ltd.

And Marilyn Bell and Co. Ltd. saved the clinic.

How is it that this modest schoolgirl has fought to the top in so gruelling a sport? Is she a natural swimmer?

On the contrary. Says Marilyn: "Some people take to swimming and diving. Me? I had no talent. It took me 40 minutes to swim my first mile."

"Then I met coach Gus Ryder and he included me in the mile race for my age group in the amateur swims at the Canadian National Exhibition. There were nine in the race. I came ninth."

But Ryder had seen the potential in this shy twelve-year-old. He agreed to take Marilyn to the Lakeshore Club.

It was through working for Gus and the club rather than for herself that Marilyn got to the very top.

She explains that Gus was more interested in the club than in individual members in the team rather than in particular swimmers. His enthusiasm was so tremendous that the others caught it—and Marilyn more than the rest.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. All have played football and cricket for England.
2. (a) Sam Langford, (b) Stanley Matthews, (c) Joe Davis.
3. (a) Yachting (b) Winter Sports (c) Rugby Union.
4. Yes, in 1935 Louis won by a sixth round knock-out.
5. Three-quarter Mile, Mile, Three-mile.
6. Four, America, Australia, Britain, France. (This includes the pre-1920 period when Britain was included in the British Isles and Australia in the Australasian sides).
7. When a boxer moves up two divisions from the Flyweight to Featherweight.
8. Marilyn Bell, 17.
9. (a) Louison Bobet (b) This was his third successive win.
10. Lindy Remigino of America.

A ROYAL SIGNING

Peter Houston, centre half capture by Peterhill (Scotland) from Springburn has set up a Scotch record that is not likely to be equalled. He is in the Scots' Guards and he signed the transfer form in the grounds of Buckingham Palace where he was one of the soldiers mounting the Royal Guard.

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A large group of people, mostly men in suits, standing together for a formal group portrait. The group is arranged in several rows, with some individuals seated in the front. The setting appears to be an indoor space with a patterned carpet and a plain wall in the background.

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

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